

SEP 6 1889

WASHINGTON.

102134

ATLANTIC CITY'S SENSATION.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted by RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

VOLUME LIV.—No. 627.
Price Ten Cents.



A VIRAGO'S FIENDISH ACT.

MRS. ROBERT RAY HAMILTON STABS NURSE MARY DONNELLY IN AN ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., COTTAGE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

Just Published in Book Form.

THE FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN

John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

Price, - - - - - 15c.

A Liberal Discount to Agents.
SEND FOR TERMS.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE POLICE GAZETTE "GETS THERE!"

We desire to ask the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE to keep their eyes on us right straight along. It snows in bed when the POLICE GAZETTE fails to "get there." The cause of all this seeming hilarity is that the POLICE GAZETTE, with a full report of the Le Blanche-Dempsey fight, with every round correctly depicted, was in the hands of the newsagents on the early morning after the meeting. No garbled account, mind you! but a faithful, explicit report from our special correspondent, on deck in California, which was being flashed over the wires to us while the country slept. This looks to us like Enterprise, with a Big, Big "E." Then look at our double page illustration of the fight which appeared in the same issue!

Have we not reason to be proud of the POLICE GAZETTE?

But it is getting to be an old, old story, and it sometimes makes us weary to write, and write, and write again on this same old subject.

Do our readers remember that we did that identical, self-same "scoop" act at the time of the horrible Johnstown disaster? That we issued two colossal sheets in one week, giving the very latest particulars, with sketches and illustrations by our special artists on the spot, who were speeding thither even before the rush of the cruel waters had abated?

Does the memory of our readers turn back to the time of the Cronin murder, in Chicago, when our issue, with illustrations and graphic story, brought the scenes, with startling vividness, home to their very doors?

Have they forgotten how, on the morning after the Sullivan-Kilrain fight, the POLICE GAZETTE marched to the front like a solid man and dished up, with the breakfast rolls and coffee, the full particulars, unprejudiced and impartial, with illustrations, of the greatest fistie contest on record?

But enough! This is our three months' record of the part we have taken in the most exciting times that the country has ever experienced, and we have not recounted incidents of minor importance, the particulars of which the POLICE GAZETTE has produced in story and sketch in all their minutest details.

The rule of the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE is:

"Get there! No matter how you get there, GET THERE!! The public depends upon you for the latest and fullest details of every matter transpiring or transpired in the world! Spare no expense, but GET THERE!!!"

This maxim has been indelibly impressed upon every employee from the managing editor to the office boy. It has been instilled into the minds of hundreds upon hundreds of correspondents on all the continents. This is what makes the POLICE GAZETTE what it is—the largest, the greatest, the most authentic and the best sporting and illustrated journal in the world.

But the POLICE GAZETTE will not stop there. It has still greater surprises in store and—but let us not anticipate!

Watch us, readers of the POLICE GAZETTE! Go further than that—trust us!

We have never violated your confidence, and we won't begin to break our record now.

MASKS AND FACES

"A Poor Relation"—Florence's Fists.

AMBERG'S ARTISTIC ADONIS.

"Paola"—"Night Owls"—Shreds and Patches.

LOUISE BEAUDET'S DANCING.

Sol Smith Russell is at Daly's. He appears in "A Poor Relation," a three-act comedy by E. E. Kidder.

I will not give you the plot of the play. I will instead give you a bit of advice: Go and see the comedian and his company.

Russell, in his quiet, delightfully natural way, takes the part of a big-hearted but impecunious inventor. This inventor has a valuable patent in his pocket, and



no food in his stomach. He loves a fair lady and is balked by a desperate villain. He sings songs and lives in a garret. A slangy slavey and two precocious children are his companions. He is as light-hearted as Mercutio and as shabby as Triplet. But everything ends well and he is made happy attired in new clothes, covered with a straw hat, and decked in a blue cravat.

Sol Smith Russell has surrounded himself with, generally, a good company.

"The best work," says Alan Dale of the Evening World, "was done by Miss Grace Wilkins, who looked delightful, and who gave a refined, truthful performance. Her pathos was as good as her comedy, and both were irreproachable. She had a very agreeable part to fill, with many bright lines."

Mr. Charles Kent was better as a villain on the stage than he is a poet in daily life.

Mr. Alfred Hudson was conscientious and effective. Miss Merri Osburn, a pretty girl, played the part of the rough soubrette with rollicking geniality tempered by artistic discretion.

I think Mr. Kidder ought to give her the lines which the precocious tot uses when she betrays the inventor's secret, in the second act, to the villain of the piece.

Miss Osburn, in her racy argot, could make those lines doubly effective.

A brilliant house thronged Daly's on the first night. In the boxes I spied Mrs. James Lewis, Mrs. John Cockerill, Marshall P. Wilder. In the orchestra, Mary Shaw, Bob Hilliard, Jos. Holland, Royall Merrill, Charles Frohman, Burr McIntosh, Charles Chatterton, Nym Crinkle, C. M. S. McLellan, Mrs. Deshler Welch, E. D. Price and Wesley Sisson.

We have been having glorious weather, and the fairies have been airing themselves on the thoroughfares.

One of the prettiest of the girls who stroll along Broadway nowadays is Gracie Wilson, who was in the "Pearl of Pekin" company last season. She dresses habitually in black, which sets off her blond hair and dark eyes.

Laura Burt, Lois Fuller, Marietta Nash, Emily Kean, Kate Foley, Annie Williams, Sallie Cohen are among the short-haired soubrettes who are looking for a job.

Mallie Thompson, a sprightly little woman, daughter of John "On Hand" Thompson, made the hit of "Myrtle Ferns" at the Comique last week.

Jennie Williams, of Edwin F. Mayo's support, was monotonously pretty at the People's Theatre. Her repertoire still consists of last year's two stale songs, one fantastic dance, four stage smiles and one mysterious whisper.

Lizzie Evans, the much-heralded wild Western soubrette, didn't set the audiences at the Windsor Theatre on fire. In spite of gaudy paper the house was almost empty the day I was there.

Helen Barry is again going to buff the bag of Dame Fortune. This time she will buff it in a romantic military play. They call the play "Love and Liberty," and it is said to abound in a strong situation and a deal of suspense.

When I saw Miss Barry last season my suspense was also long. I was so anxious to get out.

Elegant Colored Cabinet Photographs of Actresses. Size, 4x6 1/2. \$1.50 per dozen. No order received for less than one dozen. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

Speaking of buffing the bag reminds me that Capt. Connor, of the St. James, and Billy Florence have just come back from abroad, and that on the trip over there Connor played a neat practical joke on Florence by telling everybody on a train that Florence was Frank Slavin, the pugilist.

"As the train swept along towards Liverpool," said Connor, "the car got more crowded. I never saw so many people in a first-class coach in England in my life. They all looked at Billy, who was sleeping as peacefully as a baby, and were all apparently deeply impressed with his savage physiognomy."

A big, red-faced fellow stared so hard at him that he woke up and looked around.

"Billy is a modest fellow, and when he saw what a sensation he was creating he was very much embarrassed."

"I didn't know I was so well known over here," said he; "it is queer how everybody gets to know an actor. Now, I suppose, if I were in France or Spain they would stare the same way." I said nothing. After awhile the train made a long stop at some town, Rugby, I believe it was, although I am not sure, and Billy and I got out to stretch ourselves. He pulled his little peaked cap down tighter over his eyes, rolled up the collar of his coat and buttoned it up close around his figure. He looked more like a fighter than ever. I walked along beside him and couldn't help but chuckle as I saw the porter walking around on the platform whispering.

"What are you laughing at?" says Billy, suspiciously. "Nothing," says I, and we continued pacing up and down. In a few minutes a little group were following close behind us. Soon it was a big group, then a small crowd, then a mob. A burly fellow slouched up to Billy and looked him over from head to heels.

"I say, my man," he cried, "do you think you can do Jimmie?"

"The fellow is crazy," said Florence. This broke the ice, and soon a dozen were around us. They patted Billy on the back; they felt his arms; they thumped him in the chest; they shook hands with him.

"I say," shouted a big fellow, "e can't do Jimmie. This bloomin' bloke is no good no ways. 'E'll get his bloody 'ead knocked off." He was promptly silenced by the rest of the crowd. One fellow yelled out, "Three cheers for the Australian!" and they were given with a will.

"Billy," said Florence to me, in a pitiful kind of way, "are these men drunk or crazy, or am I drunk or crazy, or is this a dream, or what is the matter? I got close up to him."

"You are Frank Slavin," says I, "the Australian Wonder, and you are here to fight Jim Smith."

"It does not take Billy Florence a week to understand anything, and he caught on promptly. He shook hands with everybody. He picked up the finest accent you ever heard and his walk was a work of art. Frank Slavin would have been proud of himself if he could have seen himself that night. From that time till we reached Liverpool it was one long reception for Billy. Everybody wanted to shake him by the hand, and at every station enthusiastic crowds greeted him. It was a triumphal march."

I didn't see any flowers handed over the footlights of the London Theatre, Bowery, last week, when the "Night Owls" held their revels there.

A goodly collection of ladies in tights that fitted like gloves, and daubed with an amount of paint and powder that was only too apparent, warbled, marched, grimaced, ogled, flirted and otherwise earned their salaries.

The gentlemen who smoked in the auditorium and lolled in the boxes seemed to like these ladies so lavishly in their display.

The Laporte Sisters were repeatedly applauded. The voice of Miss Lily May Hall reminded me a little of china that had been allowed to drop and was in consequence cracked.

Miss Annie Wilmoth did trapeze feats with her vocals and hit the fancy of the gallery gods.

Aggie Collins, Etta Storms, Mollie Henderson (I wonder if Grace Henderson, nee Roth, now of the Lyceum, New York, remembers when she showed her shape in the ranks of the gay and giddy chorus?), Louise Bliss, Gertie Keith, Nettie Von Beig, all joined in the concatenation of queer sounds sometimes said somewhere called melody.

Mr. Sam Bernard had on a grey plug hat, but he seemed to have left his voice in last night's foggy air. Topak and Steel tried to be funny.

They didn't succeed half as well as Bloke and Broke, who, as deadheads, sat on the same row with me at the Fifth Avenue Theatre the other night. Bloke and Broke had deposited their last quarter in the slot of one of those new fashioned opera glass boxes attached to the seats, but the opera glass wouldn't come out. It was very funny to see the two histrions tug away at the box and summon all the ushers near by to their aid, and swear, and fume and mourn that quarter and long for the opera glass that, like the letter in the song, never came.

It was almost as funny as the antics of Mr. Harry Paulton, the chief comedian of "Paola," the comic opera by Jakobowski, now running at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The operetta is a satire on the vendetta of Corsica.

Rudolph Aronson watched the performance and occasionally smiled politely from a box.

Louis Harrison, every now and then, twisted his dark, fat, intelligent face into a jelly of contorted approbation.

But Paulton, as a comedian, is frightfully labored and excessively monotonous. His invention, as Iago says, comes from his pate as birdlime does from frize, and he plucks out brains and all.

In striking contrast to Harry Paulton is Louise

Beudet. This young woman was daintiness personified, and, but for some vulgar lines, would have been wholly satisfactory. Her dancing is a kind of fakey, but she only learnt it a short time ago from Fred Story.

Lenore Snyder has a pleasant flexibility in her vocalization, but she is stiff and she made up badly.

Madeline Lucette, whose brother, Mr. Alfred Bradley, is the business agent for this show, could have played that part to perfection.

Lillian Hawthorne was a shabby, jolly tar in velvet breeches.

The best thing in "Paola" is the "Poor Relation" chorus. A lot of fellows come out in the black shabby genteel tile, coat and other habiliments affected by Sol Smith Russell, and do a song that was repeatedly redemanded. There is one dark, little fellow in that chorus who is especially good. He will be an artist some day. I'll tell you his name later.

Chauncey Olcott manipulates his voice well, but he doesn't know how to stand or move with ease.

Clem Herschell got a laugh by reason of his queer togethery.

The chorus, scenery and costumes of "Paola" were good.

You can take only two drinks during this opera, for it is only in two acts.

A very scraggy lady sat in front of me during the performance, very much decollete.

"She shows a great deal of nerve to dress that way," remarked my friend, "Don't you think so?"

"I think she shows a great deal of backbone," I answered.

Then I looked at the stage and hummed to myself:

"In vain does the penniless youth sing of love,
In a falsetto voice sweet and clear,
While the rich old man may chatter his vows
With a falsetto teeth—and she'll hear."

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.

ROSEN.



TRIED TO SHOOT HIS WAY HOME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When the Western express on the Pennsylvania Railroad reached Lancaster one night recently, Charles D. Chambers, who had just been released from an Eastern penitentiary, was ejected for not paying his fare. Chambers hung around the railroad station until the Pacific express arrived. After the train had stopped he boarded one of the Pullman sleepers and proceeded to go through the passengers' pockets. The first man he went through was Charles Stark, the colored porter, who surprised him in the act, and immediately grasped him. The fight was of short duration, for Chambers pulled a revolver and began firing at the porter, two shots of which took effect. Chambers then ran out of the car on to the platform of a passenger coach, where brakeman Jim Hatcher and Conductor O'Donnell caught him. He will be sent back to Lancaster to stand trial.

ALABAMA MORMONS TROUNCED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Four Mormon elders, who have made a number of converts in a town about 80 miles west of Birmingham, Ala., recently received a note telling them to leave the town at once, and if they did not that they would soon be in a place where fire and brimstone burns brightly. The note was signed "White Caps." They decided to stay, and their converts agreed to protect them. The next night a band of 100 White Caps took the Mormons to the woods, suspended them to a limb by their thumbs and gave each one 50 lashes with switches, and then warned them to leave the country. Two married women who were living with three of the elders were told that unless they returned to their husbands they would receive like treatment. The Mormons meandered.

ANOTHER DAM DISASTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Another dam gave way last week at the Spring Lake, near Flakville, R. I., but not with such a terrible loss of life and amount of damage as the Johnstown affair. The gap in the dam is 60 feet long, and it let out 30,000,000 gallons of water. The path of the water is through a sparsely settled part of the country, where there is a strip of wood, and it was at this point that Mrs. Greene Tew, aged sixty, Mrs. Hawkins, aged ninety, and Mrs. Tew's son, aged six or seven, were overtaken and drowned. The water settled quickly, and a great part of it was carried away by the Pawtucket river.

WHO DID THIS MURDER?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When the St. Paul express neared Ashland, Wis., one night recently, the engineer was horrified to see a unknown man lay the body of a companion, who was intoxicated, across the track. He at once tried to stop the train, which was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, but before he could do so the train ran over the body, cutting it in three pieces and mauling it so that it had to be removed in a barrel. As soon as the murderer saw the train pass over his victim, he took to the woods. The citizens organized a posse, which started after the murderer, and they will lynch him if he is caught.

MURDERER CHARLES McELVINE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page are depicted the vicious features of Charles McElvine, alias McElwain, the tough young burglar who, on Aug. 22, murdered Groceryman Christian Luca, of Brooklyn, while burglarizing his house and endeavoring to escape, the full particulars of which appeared in last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. McElvine and his comrades, Quinlan and Dineen, have been held for the Grand Jury on a charge of homicide.

A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present elsewhere the portrait of George H. Martin, well-known in Philadelphia as an expert cricket player. Mr. Martin is at present coaching the Marion Juniors on their wicket road to fame. He is an all-round athlete and is twenty-nine years of age.

The most sensational book ever published, "Bella Starr, the Famous Bandit Queen of the West," and rival of Jesse James. Very handsomely illustrated; now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

LE BLANCHE-DEMPSEY.

A Resume of the California Athletic Club Contest.

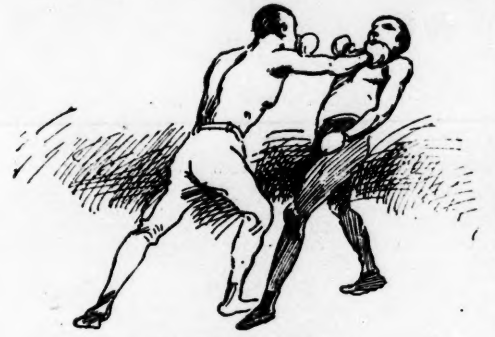
A MOST TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER.

No Advantage Gained by Either up to the Thirtieth Round.

THE SCENE AT THE FINISH.

The news of the defeat of Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, at San Francisco, Cal., in a match in which Queensberry rules governed, and in which the stakes dependent on the issue were \$5,500, by George Le Blanche (better known as the Marine), the full particulars of which appeared in last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, fell like a thunderbolt upon two-thirds of the sporting fraternity in this country, the majority of whom put up their shakels or Dempsey, being confident that he would conquer his quondam opponent and add another victory to the many he had already gained.

In New York, where Dempsey's friends are legion, when the reports from the various newspaper corre-



A HEAVY NECK BLOW.

spondents of the great battle were flashed over the wires, few would believe the report that Le Blanche had knocked out Dempsey in thirty-two three-minute rounds, and many sporting men who had plunged heavily on Dempsey's chances of winning refused to believe it and called at the POLICE GAZETTE office for confirmation of Dempsey's defeat.

Judging from the report furnished by the POLICE GAZETTE special correspondent, Le Blanche did not win by any fluke or by accident, but by displaying superior staying powers and being possessed of more strength than Dempsey. One thing is certain, if the details of the rounds are correct—and we have reason to believe they are—both men committed fouls during the time the battle lasted.

Again and again during the battle Dempsey, by his science and agility, managed to deliver several terrific blows on Le Blanche's jugular, head and face, but the blows did no damage, which goes to show that Dempsey's hitting powers are not as effective and that they lacked the force necessary to stop, knock out or put his opponent hors du combat.

Many claim that Dempsey's defeat was owing to the fact that 4-ounce gloves were used, and that he could not hit with force and effectiveness with them. This may be true, but when it is known that the same regulation gloves are used by McAuliffe, Jackson and the



DEMPSEY GETS ONTO LE BLANCHE'S NOSE.

other pugilists who have fought in the California Athletic Club, this assertion appears frivolous, especially when Le Blanche had to use the same gloves as Dempsey, and the latter had just the same chance of winning as Le Blanche.

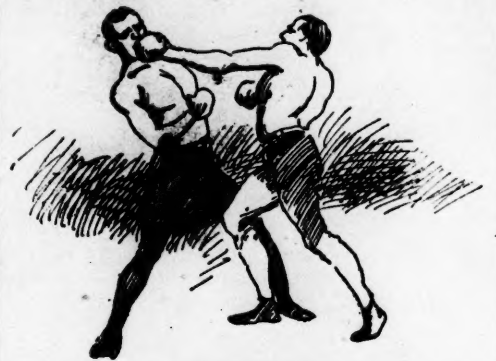
From the commencement of the battle up to the thirtieth round neither Dempsey nor his conqueror had gained any advantage, and although Dempsey had punished Le Blanche he stood the champion's battering and displayed indomitable pluck, receiving his gruel without flinching. But in the thirty-first round Le Blanche turned the tables. He tried faking grogginess, but Dempsey was wary and worked only safe blows, and honors were even when the round closed.

Dempsey rushed in the thirty-second round and got Le Blanche in his own corner, putting in three heavy telling blows, and took one in return. He was evidently getting weak, and Le Blanche, as soon as he could recover from this, pressed him. He led, and caught the Nonpareil in the neck, and before he had time to counter, spun around again in Dempsey's arms. The Marine's right caught Dempsey on the jaw, and, as he was staggering, the left caught him with double the force and Dempsey dropped like a log to the floor, insensible, while blood was dripping from his nose and mouth. The timekeeper counted twelve seconds and he didn't move.

As has been related, the blow which lost Dempsey the fight was a terrific right-hand swing, which landed squarely on the Nonpareil's nose. The champion of fifty battles fell like a shot, striking flat on his face, and lay there limp and bleeding. He rose twice to his hands and knees, and blood poured upon the floor.

He went down helpless, and then rose again a dazed and bewildered man. One hand went up, as if appealing to the crowd or referee, and then he staggered to his feet with a game effort, but had to seek the ropes to keep his feet and hang there. Le Blanche stood in his corner smiling.

As soon as he could get his senses Dempsey staggered into Le Blanche's corner, fell upon the victor's neck and asked, imploringly: "You'll give me another fight, won't you?" Upon receiving an assent he tottered over to one of the directors of the club, repeating: "He'll give me another fight, he'll give me another fight; you hear, he'll give me another fight." He seemed to recover his equilibrium when he was



AND VICE VERSA.

sure of a return battle, and went over and shook hands with the winner again. Le Blanche said to a group of friends:

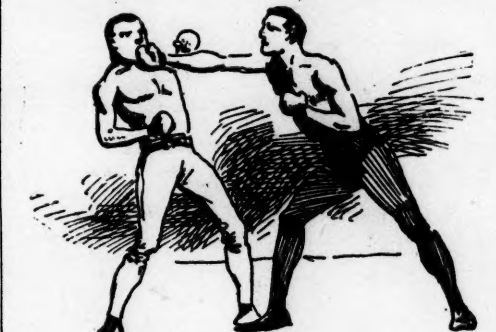
"They call it a chance blow, but I had things all right, anyhow. I was not punished and not distressed. I was also as strong as he. He asked for a return battle, and I have agreed to give it to him. I feel about as good as a man usually does who wins \$5,000 and who has had nothing. I have fought hard all my life for what I have won. Am I better than when I was licked by him before? Well, I haven't been fooling around all this time not to learn anything, have I? I determined after that defeat that I would never rest until I wiped it out, and to-night I wiped it out, and it is about the happiest evening of my life."

The Marine received \$5,000, and Dempsey \$500 for consolation.

The Le Blanche and Dempsey battle lasted 2 hours 7 minutes. Each round was limited to three minutes, with one minute rest between. Thirty-two rounds were fought in 128 minutes, and by deducting one minute leaves 127 minutes, or 2 hours and 7 minutes.

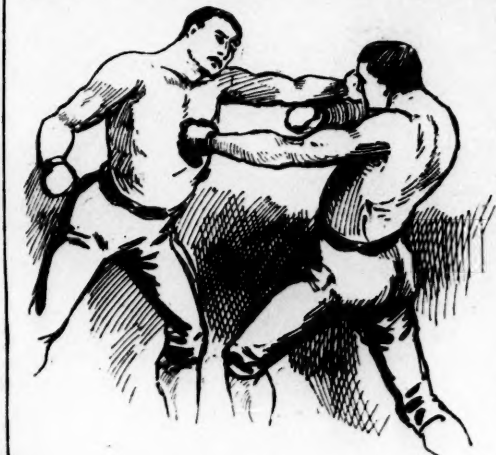
RECORD OF GEORGE LE BLANCHE.

George Le Blanche, the Marine, was born of French parents at South Quebec, Can., Dec. 19, 1856, and is, therefore, thirty-two years of age. His proper name is George Blais. He stands 5 feet 6 inches in height, and in condition scales 150 pounds. Some seven years



ONE FOR LE BLANCHE'S MOUTH.

ago, when he was a driver in Battery B, Light Artillery, he made his first appearance in the ring, and whipped J. Putnam, weighing 100 pounds, at the Citadel, Quebec, in 4 rounds, with the "raw" one. He next met J. Preston, a heavy-weight, at the same place, and was beaten through a lack of judgment. When his term had expired he left for Boston. He stopped at Lewiston, Me., and was beaten by L. Wertzell Brown in a glove fight, Sept. 18, 1883, on a foul. Same place, Oct. 19, he disposed of Mike Barry in a glove fight. On Dec. 11, 1883, he joined the United States revenue marine service at Charlestown. He soon got into trouble with the authorities over an absence from duty to attend a boxing match, but through the efforts of John Boyle O'Reilly and other Boston gentlemen he procured his discharge June 11, 1884. His first battle in Boston was at the Cribb Club, Jan. 24, 1884, when he fought a draw with George Smith, a heavy-weight. One month later, at the same place, he defeated Tom McMannis in 6 rounds with small gloves. Same place, March 21, he knocked out Tom Bates, the English pugilist, in the fifth round of a six-round battle. On June 13, at the Criterion Club, he met Jimmy Hurst of Montreal, Que., in a six-round contest. It proved to be one of the hardest and gamiest fights that ever occurred in New England. Hurst fell from exhaustion in the last minute of the closing round, and Le Blanche was



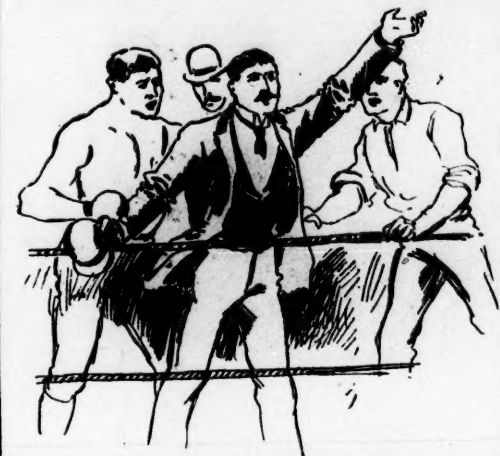
AND ONE FOR DEMPSEY'S.

given the award. Same place, June 24, he met Ned Harnetty of London, Eng., who claimed to have been a "runner up" in a glove competition with Charles Mitchell in England, in a six-round battle. Le Blanche stopped Harnetty in the middle of the third round and was declared the winner. Aug. 1 he fought a four-

Life and battles of John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sayers. All handsomely illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

round draw with Jimmy Hurst at Gloucester. One week later, at the same place, he vanquished Charles Randall, a heavy-weight, in two rounds, with hard gloves. Aug. 25 he stopped Tom Henry of New York inside of three rounds, with soft gloves, at the Windsor Theatre, Boston. At the Cribb Club, Oct. 31, he met Denny Kelleher in a six-round contest, with five-ounce gloves, and was declared the winner before the expiration of the fourth round, Kelleher being unable to respond to the call of time. Same place, Dec. 12, he vanquished Jack Green in six rounds.

At Fall River, Jan. 27, 1885, he knocked out Mike Gorman, a heavy-weight, in the second round of a fight to a finish. He next met Frank Bosworth, of Providence, in a fight to a finish, at Carroll Hall, Fall River, and made him stop in one round. At the Criterion Club, Boston, Feb. 20, he met Denny Kelleher in a six-round contest, but the fight was stopped by the police interfering in the middle of the third round. At the Boston Boxing Club rooms, April 17, he met Pete McCoy, who then claimed the title of middle-weight champion, in an eight-round battle for a purse of \$500. McCoy was virtually knocked out in the first round, which lasted 1 minute 59 seconds, and again in the second round, which lasted but 1 minute 10 seconds, while the Marine was apparently fresh. The referee declared the affair a draw, however, owing to the turbulent demonstration in favor of McCoy. On Aug. 6, at Fall River, he bested McCoy in a four-round



LE BLANCHE DECIDED THE WINNER.

bout, and he again met McCoy at Saugus, Sept. 15, for a purse of \$500. Le Blanche practically had McCoy stopped twice, but the affair was prolonged for six rounds, when the lenient referee declared it a draw. His next battle was against Jack Burgess, of New York, at the Cribb Club rooms, Jan. 8, 1886, for a purse of \$400. The men were to spar six rounds with five-ounce gloves. The Marine had the best of it throughout, but lost the fight on a foul.

The Marine and Jack Dempsey met in the ring at Larchmont, L. I., on Sunday, March 14, 1889. The battle was a desperate one, but from the commencement to the end, barring an accident, Le Blanche did not have any show of defeating Dempsey, who every way outclassed him. The defeat of the Boston pugilist was a Waterloo for the talent of the Hub and several noted sporting men of St. Louis, Philadelphia and this city. Al Smith backed Le Blanche, James Keenan, of Boston, also. Frank Roche, of St. Louis, the well-known bookmaker, lost \$2,750 on the Boston champion, and was disgusted with himself to think that he had allowed Al Smith and the rest of the talent to advise him to put up his money on the Marine. After the battle Roche said Dempsey was the greatest man in the world at his weight. Arthur Chambers, Billy Edwards, Barney Aaron, Mart Malone, Jack Stewart, of Boston, and Dave Blanchard all supposed Dempsey would be beaten. At Philadelphia Le Blanche was booked as a winner, but why any one should suppose that Le Blanche should be able to beat Dempsey in a fair stand up encounter with an honest, square referee is a puzzle.

The referee, Prof. James O'Neill, is the teacher of



DEMPSEY ASKS FOR ANOTHER CHANCE.

boxing at the Raquette Club, and no better or more experienced person could have been chosen to fill the unthankful position. Le Blanche was frightfully punished. He fought as long as he could, and only gave in when he could fight no longer. Dempsey escaped with a few bruises, which proves that he must be a very clever tactician, or else Le Blanche's blows lack effectiveness.

Le Blanche has since defeated Wm. Varley, English middle-weight, and Mike Lucie, of Troy, N. Y., and has been defeated himself by Ed Smith, at Denver, Col.

RECORD OF JACK DEMPSEY.

Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, was born at the Curragh of Kildare, Ireland, on Dec. 15, 1882. The following is his record: Beat Edward McDonald, 27 rounds, 36 minutes, April 7, 1883; beat Jack Boylan, 23 rounds, 26 minutes, Flushing, L. I., August 14, 1883; beat Jim Barry, 3 rounds, 7 minutes, New York, February 23, 1884; beat William Mahoney, 3 rounds, 8 minutes, New York, January, 1884; beat Joe Hennessey, 4 rounds, 15 minutes, New York, February, 1884; beat Tom Sullivan, 2 rounds, 5 minutes, New York, Feb., 1884; beat Jim Fell, 2 rounds, 5 minutes, New York, February 14, 1884; beat Billy Dacey, 9 rounds, 34 minutes, March 6, 1884; beat Joe Hayes, 6 rounds, 17 minutes, 30 seconds, April 25, 1884, at New York; beat George Fulljames, of Canada, 22 rounds, 30 minutes, July 30, 1884, at Staten Island, N. Y.; beat Mike Dempsey, 7 rounds, 11 minutes, Sept. 4, 1883, Rockaway, N. Y.; beat Bob Turnbull, 8 rounds, 32 minutes, Oct. 8, 1884, New York; beat Tom Henry, of England, 6 rounds, 23 minutes, Oct. 24, 1884, at New York; beat Tom Ferguson, 4 rounds, 15

minutes, New York, November 6, 1884; beat Billy Frazier, Nov. 10, 1883, 6 rounds, 18 minutes; beat Billy Frazier, 5 rounds, 18 minutes, New York, Nov. 20, 1884; beat Jimmy Ryan, 5 rounds, 18 minutes, Nov. 30, 1884, at New York; beat Mike Mallon, 2 rounds, 4 minutes 30 seconds, at Philadelphia, Nov. 30, 1884; beat Charles Bixames, 5 rounds, 18 minutes, March 13, 1885, at New Orleans, La.; beat Tom Barry, 5 rounds, 18 minutes, May 4, San Francisco; beat Tom Cleary, 5 rounds, 19 minutes, May 11, at San Francisco; beat Jim Carr, 9 rounds, 34 minutes, San Francisco, June 5, 1885; beat Jack Keenan, 2 rounds, 11 minutes, July 20, 1885, San Francisco; beat Billy Manning, 7 rounds, 40 minutes, Los Angeles, Aug. 29, 1885; beat Tom Norton, 4 rounds, 14 minutes, Sept. 12, 1885; beat Dave Campbell, 3 rounds, 10 minutes 30 seconds, Portland, Ore., Nov. 2, 1885; beat Tom Barry, 5 rounds, 17 minutes, Portland, Ore., Dec. 12, 1885; beat Jimmy Murray, 4 rounds, 15 minutes, New York, Jan. 15, 1886; beat Jack Fozarty, 27 rounds, 1 hour and 51 minutes, New York, Feb. 2, 1886; beat Pete McCoy, 6 rounds, 23 minutes, Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 24, 1886; beat George Le Blanche, 13 rounds, 52 minutes, at Larchmont, Long Island Sound, March 14, 1889.

DRAW BATTLES DEMPSEY HAS FOUGHT.

Fought a draw with Harry Force, 11 rounds, 50 minutes, Coney Island, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1883; fought a draw with Bob Turnbull, 8 rounds, 30 minutes, Nov. 25, 1883, at New York; fought a draw with Jimmy Ryan, 7 rounds, 30 minutes, at Philadelphia, Sept. 15, 1884; fought a draw with George Wilson, 4 rounds, 15 minutes, at Philadelphia, Dec. 15, 1884.

His last great fight before his match with Le Blanche was with Johnny Reagan, whom he defeated in 45 rounds, occupying 1 hour and 7 minutes, in two rings, near Huntington, L. I., Dec. 15, 1887. The men were driven out of the first ring by the rising tide.

SLASHED BY A BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frederick Bates, a young man of Baltimore, Md., had a very narrow escape from death recently. Mr. Bates sleeps at his father's house, in Park avenue, while the family is in the country. He was awakened by hearing a noise like the rattling of silver. He remained quiet until the noise was repeated, and then, throwing on his coat, he armed himself with a revolver and went to the dining room, where he found a man filling a bag with plunder. Taking aim he fired, and before he could find out if he had hit the man he received a slashing cut over his right shoulder. Turning around, he was grabbed by another burglar, who grasped the revolver and dealt the young man two more blows with a razor, and but for a morocco case which he carried in his breast pocket, the sharp blade would have entered far into his body. The two burglars, who are supposed to be negroes, escaped.

SHOT BY A MINISTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Earl Palmer, a popular young man of Council Bluffs, Ia., was shot and instantly killed by the Rev. D. Helmrick, pastor of the Methodist church, at Neola one night recently. Palmer and Helmrick were rivals for the hand of Miss Ella Porter, and the young man, being the successful suitor, married the girl. From that time forth the feeling between the men has been bitter. The preacher says that on the day before he was given the revolver by a man with the suggestion that he might have use for it. The next evening, in returning home he saw several men near his barn. One of them was standing in the doorway. He called to them to go away, and in return was struck by an egg. Taking the revolver from his pocket he fired, and the man in the doorway, who proved to be Palmer, fell dead, with a bullet in his head.

A BRAVE ELIZABETH, N. J., CITIZEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Messrs. Conrad Roth and James McElroy, both of Elizabeth, N. J., visited Rockaway Beach recently, and while there indulged in a plunge in old ocean. Mr. McElroy, who is a capital swimmer, was enjoying himself in deep water, when, being seized with cramps, he called for assistance. Mr. Roth was the first to reach his almost exhausted friend, with whom he rapidly swam ashore. Both were nearly overcome by the exertion. It was a close call. This is not the first time Mr. Roth has distinguished himself. He is a native of Germany, and has a medal symbolical of his bravery in saving the life of a madchen who was drowning in the River Rhine.

WHO OWNS THIS SKELETON?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A party of berry pickers recently discovered the skeleton of a young woman in the woods two miles south of Calverton, L. I. It was extended at full length. One arm was above the head and the other lay close by the side. The skeleton was about five feet six inches in height. In the forehead, above the eye sockets, were two ragged holes the size of a dime. Small fractures were around the two holes. The skeleton had probably been there fully three years, as the bones were bleached white. It is believed that the woman was foully dealt with.

HELD UP BY A WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

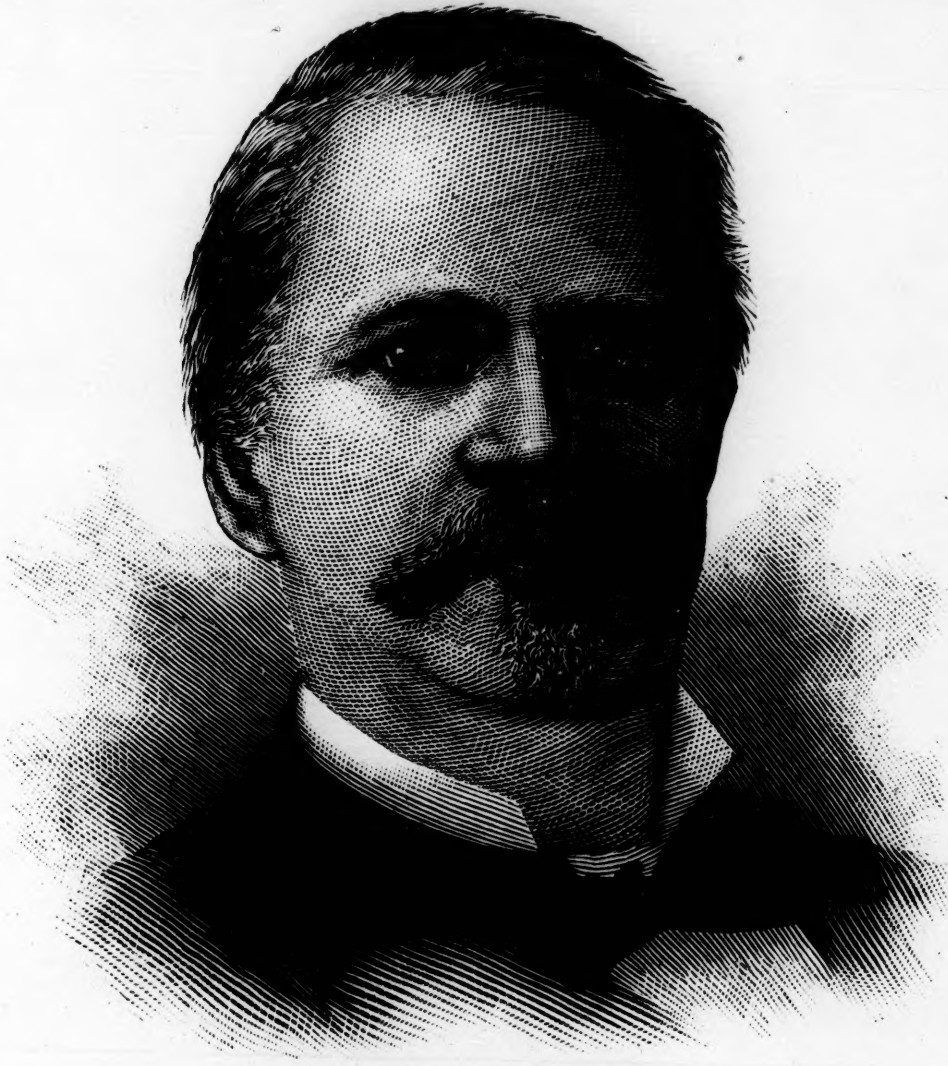
Mrs. R. H. Bryan of Milwaukee found her bedroom window open one evening recently, and on looking out saw a young man in the yard. The lady looked in her bureau and missed her gold watch. She at once donned her street attire, took her husband's revolver from the drawer, and following the thief got the drop on him, making him hold up his hands until a neighbor arrived. Telling the man to hold the thief, she started to find a policeman, and was no sooner around the corner than the thief gave the neighbor a right-hander in the face and cantered away.

WHO FREW DAT SHOT?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The people who were standing at the corner of Poydras and Rampart streets, New Orleans, one night recently, were surprised to hear a slight but continuous rattle on the walk. They at first thought it was hail, but an examination showed it to be shot. The strange shower kept up for fifteen minutes, during which time several men gathered a half ounce of medium size bird shot in their hats. No explanation can be given of the strange occurrence.

Send 2 cents for our catalogue of sensational, sporting and detective series books; cabinet photos, and sporting goods of all description. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



MISSISSIPPI'S GOVERNOR.
CHIEF EXECUTIVE LOWRY WHO KNOCKED SULLIVAN OUT AND IS ANXIOUS FOR
AN INTERVIEW WITH JAKE KILBRAIN.



JAUNTY MARIE JANSEN,
THE PRETTY AND BOUNCING PET OF THE NEW YORK DUDES, NOW WITH "THE
OOLAH" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.



A FAMOUS DETROIT TURFITE.
D. J. CAMPAU, THE PRESIDENT OF MICHIGAN'S WORLD-
FAMED DRIVING CLUB.



ROCHESTER, N. Y.'S, TURFMAN.
GEORGE W. ARCHER, THE POPULAR PRESIDENT OF THE DRIVING
PARK ASSOCIATION OF THE CITY NAMED.



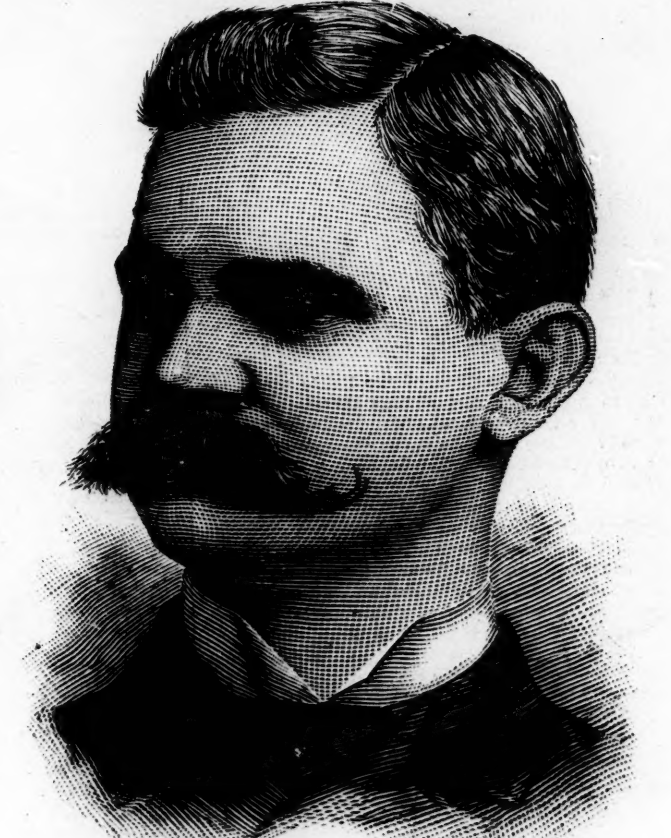
OHIO'S NOTED SPORTING MAN.
W. EDWARDS, PRESIDENT OF THE CLEVELAND DRIVING PARK
ASSOCIATION AND PATRON OF FLYERS.



A PROMINENT HORSEMAN.
JOHN L. MITCHELL, THE PRESIDENT OF THE NORTH WEST-
ERN BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION, OF CHICAGO, ILL.



A NEBRASKA SHERIFF.
HOLT COUNTY'S FEARLESS AND BRAVE OFFICIAL, WHO IS ALSO
A BACKER OF SPORTS AND LOVER OF ATHLETICS.



PRESIDENT SYLVESTER P. WALMSLEY.
THE GENIAL EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE SOUTHERN ATHLETIC
CLUB OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.



ROBERT RAY HAMILTON,
THE INFATUATED EX-ASSEMBLYMAN OF MURRAY HILL, N. Y.,
WHO LOVED AND MARRIED AN ADVENTRESS.



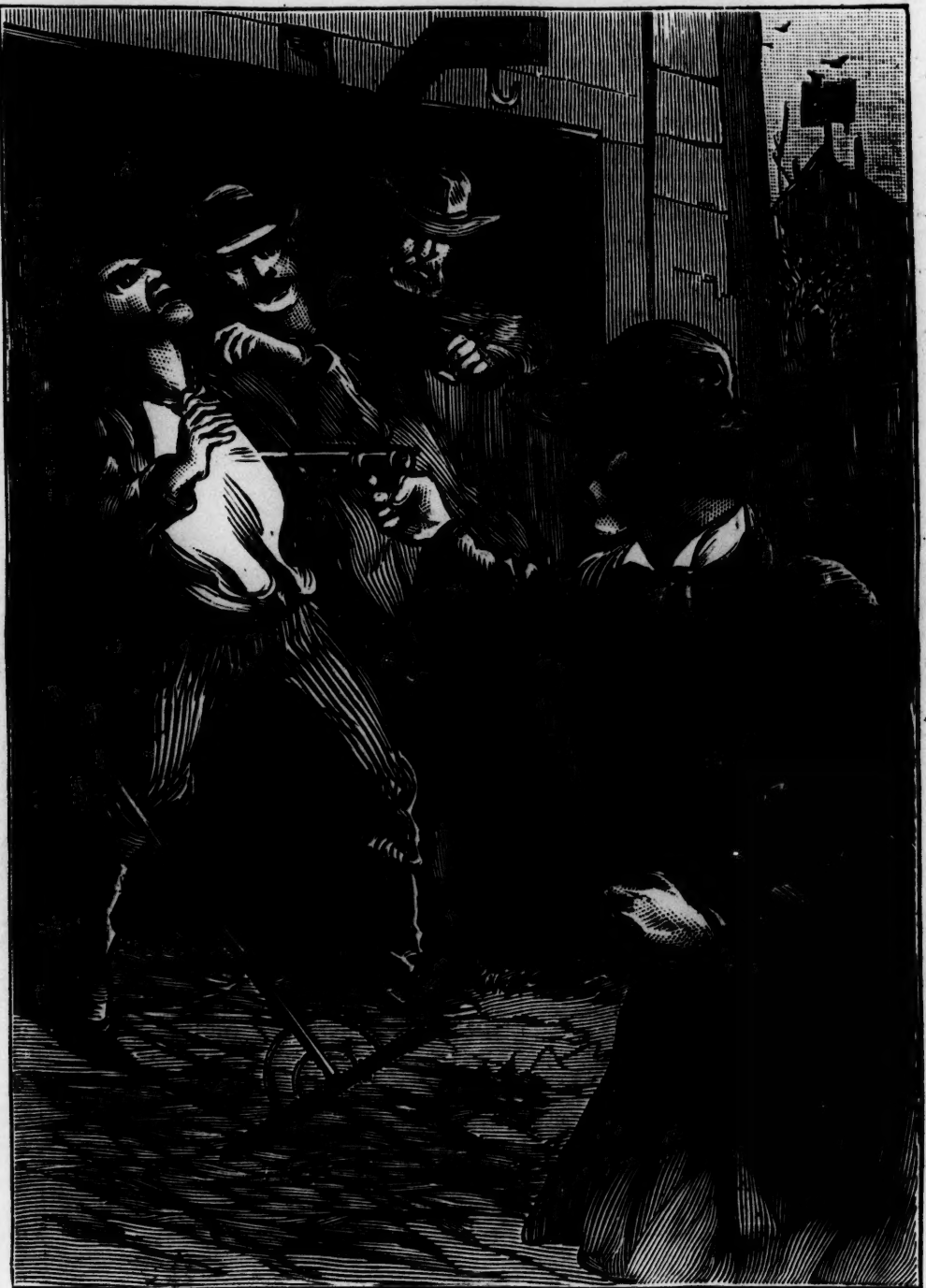
MRS. HAMILTON, ALIAS MANN,
THE ADVENTRESS WHO STABBED MARY DONNELLY IN THE
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., COTTAGE.



MURDERER CHARLES McELVAINE.
THE TOUGH YOUNG BURGLAR WHO STABBED TO DEATH GROCERY-
MAN LUCA OF BROOKLYN.



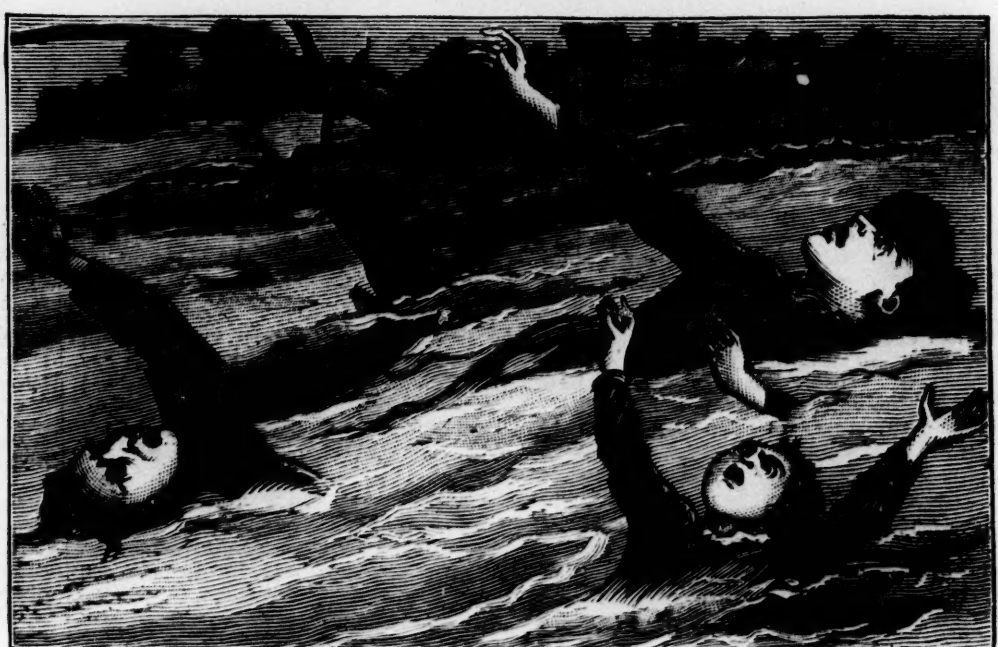
HE SHOT THE RAPIDS AGAIN.
BUT IT IS FEARED THAT THE NEXT TIME GRAHAM TRIES IT HE MAY GO FURTHER
FROM NIAGARA FALLS THAN DEVIL'S POOL.



SHOT BY A MINISTER.
REV. D. HELMRICK, OF COUNCIL BLUFFS, KILLS A FORMER RIVAL BECAUSE, AS
ALLEGED, HE THREW EGGS AT HIM.



SLASHED BY A BURGLAR.
FREDERICK BATES, OF BALTIMORE, MD., SEVERELY WOUNDED WHILE DEFEND-
ING HIMSELF IN HIS FATHER'S HOME.



ANOTHER DAM DISASTER.
SPRING LAKE, NEAR FISKVILLE, RHODE ISLAND, BURSTS ITS BOUNDS, INUNDATES
THE COUNTRY AND THREE PERSONS ARE DROWNED.

FRISKY MRS. HAMILTON

The Wild Eccentricities of a Coquettish Adventuress.

SHE TRIES TO KILL A NURSE.

How a Murray Hill Statesman Was Fooled by a Virago.

THE SENSATION AT ATLANTIC CITY.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

Atlantic City couldn't do better in the way of advertising were it to employ advance agents and scatter them broadcast throughout the country.

This week's news for the POLICE GAZETTE from that point comes about as near relating to a murder as could be desirable, even to those of radically morbid tastes.

The *dramatis personæ* to the last sensation are: Robert Ray Hamilton; his wife, Evangeline or "Eva;" her paramour, "Josh" or "Dotty" Mann; the latter's mother, Mrs. Mann-Swinton, and a nurse of Hamilton's baby girl, a Mary Donnelly. There are innumerable other parties to the *contretemps*, but the above are the ones most deeply interested.

In fact, Mrs. Hamilton and the nurse are the principal actors, as the former on Monday, Aug. 26, attempted to cut a skylight through the latter by means of a villainous looking dagger. This is the story:

Noll cottage is located on Tennessee avenue, in Atlantic City, and on the day in question, as the guests of the cottage were seating themselves about the dining tables, the cries of a woman and the smashing of furniture on the second floor threw them into a panic and attracted a large crowd of excited men and women about the building. The noise came from the private



EVA AS A KITTENISH COUNTRY GIRL.

apartments of a couple known in the house as Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Hamilton, of New York city. A waiter hurried up stairs, and, looking in the door, discovered a fine-looking, middle-aged man struggling desperately in the centre of the apartments to overpower a wild-eyed, blond woman, who was striking out in all directions with a blood-stained dagger. Another woman lay upon the floor of the badly-furnished room in a pool of blood, and on a bed near by cowered a six-months-old infant, much terrified by the excitement. The man was cool and resolute. He was Mr. "Hamilton." The desperate, hysterical woman was his wife and the infant was their only child. The wounded woman who lay writhing in agony upon the carpet suffering from a horrible knife thrust in her abdomen, from which the intestines protruded, was Mary Donnelly, the nurse who has been with the child since its birth.

Robert Ray Hamilton is a well-known New York club man and was for eight years a member of the New York Legislature from the Murray Hill district, New York City. He is a son of Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, one of the leaders of New York's 400; a grandson of John C. Hamilton, author of a "Life of Alexander Hamilton," and a great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, who was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr. He is a member of the New York Bar, the possessor of an income of \$18,000 a year, and was, until a few years ago, a prominent figure in society in the metropolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, with their ten-months-old baby, Beatrice, and the nurse, Mary Ann Donnelly, arrived in Atlantic City about seven weeks ago. They registered at the Windsor Hotel, on Illinois avenue, and remained there for a week, when they moved to the Noll cottage. Mrs. Rupp, the proprietor of the cottage, says that the family was orderly and well behaved. Mrs. Hamilton was very careful in her behavior, and made no freer with men to whom she was introduced than is customary at watering places. It has been ascertained, however, that Mrs. Hamilton is an adventuress, and that for years the man "Dotty" has been living on the means provided by her. It has also been ascertained that Mr. Hamilton had become so infatuated with her that he married her after she had been living with several other men in several sections of the country.

Neither of the Hamiltons will say anything in explanation of the murderous quarrel, and the information that is obtainable about it comes mainly from one Anne Swinton, widow of Frederick J. Swinton, an intimate friend of Mrs. Hamilton, and mother of Mrs. Hamilton's lover, Joshua J. Mann, "Dotty," and an adventuress herself. She lived until recently at 111 West Fifteenth street, New York. She says that she was sent for by Mrs. Hamilton about four weeks ago to come to New York and look over and rent Mrs. Hamilton's dresses, as Mrs. Hamilton had lost flesh on a trip to California. Mrs. Swinton put up at the Verona, a short distance from the Noll cottage.

Mr. Hamilton's friends were not his wife's friends, and the apparent impossibility of his ever being able to introduce her into the society to which he had been accustomed drove him from the city and sent him traveling through the country. Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, the father of Robert Ray Hamilton (this is pretty much all Mrs. Swinton's story), was dissatisfied with the life his son was leading, and had frequently written to him to come home and settle down. The general was so much interested in this that on Monday of the week before the stabbing he went to Atlantic City and stopped at the Caliente. On the evening of that day he called at the Noll cottage and had a long interview with his son and his daughter-in-law. Mrs.



EVA PARSONS IN ELMIRA.

Swinton says he urged his son to return to New York and live there and to stop scampering about the country. The young couple finally consented to do so, and they began preparations for going to New York. It is believed, however, that a separation was contemplated.

In the early days of their honeymoon Mr. Hamilton had promised to give his wife \$100 a week for pin money, and he had carefully kept this promise. The work of packing was interspersed with arguments between them as to whether or not Mrs. Hamilton should receive this money after they were settled in a permanent home. Mr. Hamilton thought that it would not be necessary, because he would take care that all of his wife's expenses were paid and her wants supplied. Mrs. Hamilton vigorously insisted that the contract regarding the payment of this money should be faithfully carried out.

Another point of difference was regarding the location of their new home. Mr. Hamilton desired to live in New York city, but Mrs. Hamilton said "no" again, and urged that their home should be in Mount Vernon or some other rural spot, where she could keep a number of horses. These questions were argued over and over again, and each time the dispute arose it was hotter than before.

The final quarrel was at 3½ o'clock on the all terrible Monday morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton woke up. The wife's talk grew so violent that Mr. Hamilton called in the nurse, Mary Donnelly, in hopes that her presence would stop the trouble. Mary came in angrier than either her master or mistress, because she had been disturbed. She scolded a good deal, and was finally ordered out of the room.

She was not seen again for two and a half hours, and shortly before 9 o'clock on the Monday morning Mrs. Hamilton accused her of neglecting the baby. The nurse retorted and Mrs. Hamilton discharged her.

When the old question of dispute was raised again between the husband and wife, both of them drank a number of whiskey punches, and these didn't help matters. Mrs. Hamilton wanted to send for the general in order to have him act as peacemaker, but she finally gave up this idea and sent for Mrs. Swinton instead. Mrs. Swinton remained with the couple for over an hour, and when she left, at 9 A. M., as she says, Mrs. Hamilton was sitting on her husband's knee, reconciled.

Shortly after this, while Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were in their room, Mary Donnelly bounced in and asked Mr. Hamilton if she really was to leave her place. He replied that she must go. Then Mrs. Donnelly began bitterly abusing Mrs. Hamilton. She accused her of being untrue to her husband, of caring more for Joshua Mann, Mrs. Swinton's son, with whom Mrs. Hamilton formerly lived as Mrs. Mann, than she did for her husband, and finally denounced her as a prostitute. Finally, Mrs. Swinton says, Donnelly sprang at Mrs. Hamilton and struck her in the face. She struck her again, and raised her hand for a third blow. Mrs. Hamilton cried: "You have hit me enough."

On the bed, just back of where Mrs. Hamilton was standing, lay a dirk-knife with a keen blade, six inches long. Mrs. Hamilton seized it and sprang toward Mrs. Donnelly. Mr. Hamilton, who had been out of the room, ran in and struck his wife's arm and diverted the blow. The dirk struck him on the left side, and



EVA MANN IN PASSAIC.

cut a clean gash through the left leg of his trousers from the waistband to the knee. Before he could interfere again Mrs. Hamilton jumped to one side and thrust the dirk into Mrs. Donnelly's abdomen on the left side, cutting a gash three inches deep. Her husband again fought with her for the possession of the knife, and finally obtained it. Landlady Rupp cried "Murder!" and "Police!" and a number of the neighbors ran in. Dr. Crosby was called, and he did what he could for the injured woman. Policeman Biddle then came around and arrested both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. After a preliminary examination Mr. Hamilton was released on bail, and Mrs. Hamilton, who was sent to jail, will be called upon to answer a charge of attempted murder, if not murder.

It has been pretty well proven that the real cause of the stabbing was because the nurse had previously told Hamilton of his wife's amours. It is known that Mrs. Hamilton is a bad, bold woman. In 1887 she lived in Passaic, N. J., in grand style with "Dotty," who was a "worthless cuss," and his mother, Mrs. Swinton, and ran a big establishment there. During this period she was yanked into court for shooting at a coachman who had offended her fastidious tastes. The crowd had, finally, to get out of the quiet, peace-loving town.

Prior to that time Mrs. Hamilton is said to have had quite a time in Elmira, Waverly, Port Jervis, and other New York towns, where, to say the least, she did not lead an orthodox life, and had before waved the butcherly-looking dagger and the blood-thirsty pistol in the faces of recalcitrant lovers. Even worse is said of her. Newark is also said to have known her as the exact opposite of a Sunday school scholar. The residents of the above-named places have not the pleasantest recollections of Eva Parsons and Eva Brill, and it is said that the three Evas are identical. Eva was formerly a tricky country girl, so it is said, and had lovers by the score.

Where or when ex-Assemblyman Hamilton first met his wife is not certain. It is said that he began to look after her a number of years ago and that before that she had been supported by a glove dealer on Sixth avenue, who cast her off on account of her relations with Mann and because she had been too handy with her little dagger. The date of their marriage is also

unknown, but it was probably some time last winter. At any rate, seven or eight months ago Hamilton first began to live with her publicly as his wife. It is said that they were for three weeks at the boarding house at 141 West Fifteenth street, kept then by a Mrs. Smith. They are said to have been asked to leave, on account of his wife's habits, and they rented from Mrs. Mills, a tenant, who was moving to another flat uptown, one of the first floor apartments in the household at 117 West Fifteenth street. E. C. Mann was the name that appeared on the letter box, and Hamilton was known there as "Senator Mann."

Tenants in the house said that the conduct of "Mrs. Mann" had made her conspicuous. She and Hamilton always appeared devoted to each other and to the



THE CHRONIC DAGGER ACT.

unknown, but it was probably some time last winter. At any rate, seven or eight months ago Hamilton first began to live with her publicly as his wife. It is said that they were for three weeks at the boarding house at 141 West Fifteenth street, kept then by a Mrs. Smith. They are said to have been asked to leave, on account of his wife's habits, and they rented from Mrs. Mills, a tenant, who was moving to another flat uptown, one of the first floor apartments in the household at 117 West Fifteenth street. E. C. Mann was the name that appeared on the letter box, and Hamilton was known there as "Senator Mann."

Tenants in the house said that the conduct of "Mrs. Mann" had made her conspicuous. She and Hamilton always appeared devoted to each other and to the



"DOTTY" PLAYING IN LUCK.

child, Beatrice Ray, but she frequently displayed her terrible temper in a manner that created talk.

In February Mrs. Swinton, her son, Joshua Mann, and her alleged "schoolgirl" daughter, Carrie, moved into the first floor of 111 West Fifteenth street, an old brick dwelling house rented out to one family on each floor. After that the neighbors concluded that besides her terrible temper "Senator Mann's" wife was endowed with peculiar associations. Frequently, if not invariably, soon after the Senator went away in the morning, the nurse, Mary Ann Donnelly, would be seen going down to 111, and returning accompanied by or followed by Joshua Mann, who would remain in the house most of the day, or who would be taken out driving by Mrs. Mann. Mrs. Mann would also go to 111 frequently and take her child there. While the Legislature was in session Hamilton went away Monday and returned Friday. His wife and Joshua Mann spent the intervening days together most of the time.

After Senator Mann and his family went to California nothing was seen of Mrs. Hamilton about 111 West Fifteenth street. Mrs. Swinton's home, until five or six weeks ago. Then she came there looking very radiant and happy, and took Dotty off with her. They came back at night, and Mrs. Hamilton remained at the house over night. She came again and remained two nights. Her errand from Atlantic City was shopping. A few weeks ago the Swintons gave up the house and all hands went to Atlantic City.

The furthest back that the Swinton family could be traced positively was to 65 West Eleventh street, where they rented an apartment over a year ago. Mrs. Hamilton is said to have lived there as the wife of Joshua Mann. Afterwards the Swintons lived in apartments over a grocery at Thirty-first street and Fourth



THE SEANCE BEFORE JUSTICE NORTON.

avenue. Mrs. Hamilton does not appear to have formed one of the household here, but there is said to have been a second man in it, who was taken for an artist, but whose name was not known. There were also two babies there part of the time, and it was said that Mrs. Swinton had taken them to board. She stayed there only a month.

When behind with her rent it was Mrs. Swinton's custom to plead that a lawyer was furnishing money to pay her rent, and that she had to wait for it. The agents of 111 West Fifteenth street understood that she was a midwife or something of that sort.

Hamilton's office is at 229 Broadway and his business there has been in charge of M. J. Vollmer since Hamilton went to California. Mr. Vollmer said recently that he had heard nothing from Mr. Hamilton and knew nothing of the matter, except what he had read in the papers. He believed, however, that Mr. Hamilton had been a dupe in the matter. "I think there has been some sort of a badger game about it," he said. Hamilton still sticks to his vicious wife, and he has, in consequence, been ostracised from society.

HE CRAWLED TO HIS DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John J. Gierding died in Terryville, Conn., recently after a lingering illness, during which his mother refused to allow Miss Katie Egan to visit him, although the two had been engaged for some time. Miss Egan called at the house on the day referred to, and, as usual, admittance was refused her. From his room above Gierding heard her voice and crawled down stairs to the door, where he talked with her. Later he was carried back to his room and Miss Egan ordered from the house Gierding died in a few moments from over exertion in crawling down stairs to see his affianced bride.

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Pretty Alice G. Burnham, of East Hartford, Conn., went to Savin Rock on the Sound recently, and while there she witnessed Edwin J. Northup, the cowboy aeronaut, make a parachute jump from a balloon. Miss Burnham at once sought an introduction to him and expressed her admiration of his jump. A week later Northup proposed marriage and was accepted, and on the day before his second jump at the Rock they were married.

ANOTHER FORTUNATE MAN.

A Young Breaker Boy at Plymouth Draws a Prize of \$5,000.

Upon being informed that a young man in Plymouth by the name of Herman Barney had drawn a \$5,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery, our reporter was instructed to interview him and learn the truth in regard to the report. He found Mr. Barney at the East End Store, on Welsh Hill, a suburb of Plymouth, and about four miles from this city. Mr. Barney is a pleasant young gentleman of about twenty-three years of age. After stating his business the reporter proceeded to interview him.

Rep.—"There is a story out, Mr. Barney, to the effect that you have been quite fortunate in a Louisiana State Lottery investment. Is there any truth in the report?"

Barney.—"Yes, sir," he replied. "I was fortunate enough to draw \$5,000 in the July drawing."

Rep.—"What was the number of your ticket?" I next asked him.

Barney.—"I held ticket No. 58,007, which drew one-twentieth of the second capital prize of \$100,000."

Rep.—"Were any other persons interested with you in your investment?"

Barney.—"Yes, sir; Andrew Brennan and Logan Harris, both friends of mine, had been sending for tickets every month for some time, and last July I thought I would invest a dollar and see if I could not hit it."

Rep.—"Which you did, fortunately for you. Did your friends realize anything from their venture?"

Barney.—"No, sir, only in this way. We made an agreement that if either of us should draw anything not less than \$5,000, the lucky one should pay the other two one month's wages and also pay the expenses of all three for a month's trip to the sea-shore."

Rep.—"Did you take the trip?"

Barney.—"Not as yet, but we may go in September. But we settled our agreement by my giving them each \$100. Now, if we go to the seashore each man must pay his own expenses."

Rep.—"Was this your first investment?"

Barney.—"Yes, sir; however, I have sent for a ticket in the September drawing."

Rep.—"Mr. Barney also told me that he had lived there all his life, and had never worked, except in a breaker, up to last July. Then he left, and does not intend to work in one again, for he said: 'I have bought one lot with a house on it, and two vacant lots on which I intend building two single houses. When these are completed I will have three dwellings that will bring me in about \$15 per month each, and that ought to keep me. Besides, I have kept some of the money by me, and if I see a good opportunity to invest to advantage will do so.'—Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Telephone, August 24."

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN. Fully Illustrated. Now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

HE LOVED UNWISELY.

The Ambitious Newsboy and the Millionaire's Daughter.

IMPRISONED FOR HIS TEMERITY

George Dunning, of Chicago, Serving a Four Years' Sentence.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

That "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," has been an alleged fact ever since Cain jumped on Abel with a club just over the garden wall in Eden. The readers of the POLICE GAZETTE have no doubt been made cognizant of the triteness of the adage many times since.

What the POLICE GAZETTE is talking about this trip is the inhumanity of a Chicago millionaire to an aspiring youth who sold papers for a living, and who was enterprising enough to want to marry the millionaire's daughter. She, in turn, smiled upon the get-thereative young man, and thereby hangs this caudal appendage.

A young Chicagoan named Ernest Dunning, for merely daring to love the daughter of a local nabob, is now serving a four years' term in the Joliet Penitentiary. The young man's father, G. F. Dunning, an old Chicago printer, died four years ago, leaving a wife, seven daughters and two sons, the eldest being Ernest. Upon the earnings of Ernest the family were dependent after the death of the father, until the former went to the penitentiary. Since then the family's existence has been maintained only by a severe struggle.

The mother, Mrs. Belle Dunning, who now lives at No. 232 Chestnut street, was called on a few days ago by a reporter and asked to tell her story. It was with great reluctance that she consented to do so, "because," she said (the tears springing to her eyes and trickling down her care-worn face), "because the man who sent him there is so rich, so powerful, that I am afraid he would do more harm than he has already done."

Mrs. Dunning was assured that nothing need be feared. She then thought that the publication of her statement might be hurtful to the young lady in the case. Reassured on this point, she consented to tell what she knew. Listen to the mother's story:

"It was in the summer of 1885, I think, some time after my husband died, that I bought Ernest a newspaper route for \$150. He worked at it faithfully and earned about \$10 a week. The route ran for some distance along Dearborn avenue, and it was while delivering his papers that he met the young lady as she went from her home to Mrs. Grant's academy. Ernest was a handsome boy, and his looks and manners seemed to attract her attention, and, although I am not familiar with just how they became acquainted, I know that they finally became very much interested in each other and used to meet in Lincoln Park. I did not know of this at the time, and in fact knew nothing of it until fall.

"Finally, after a month or so of acquaintance, the family of the young lady heard of it and tried to break it up. A most close watch was kept on the young lady and meetings for a time were stopped. Ernest went by the house one day and asked of the coachman something concerning the young lady. The coachman informed his master, who had a warrant sworn out for Ernest's arrest and had the coachman serve it. My boy was caught in the street and taken to the East Chicago avenue station and kept all night. There was nothing against him to punish him for; but, instead of



PUTTING UP THE JOB.

letting him go free, a \$25 fine was imposed and suspended.

"One day the young lady met Ernest and told him that the evening previous she overheard her father in the library tell a detective that Ernest was bothering him and that he wanted the detective to follow Ernest and try to catch him in some crime and send him to jail, so as to keep him out of the way. My poor boy, whose only sin was to be loved by the daughter of the man who wanted him in jail!"

Mrs. Dunning sobbed convulsively for a few moments, and then collecting herself, continued:

"The detective followed Ernest everywhere for a long time, and finally arrested him on a charge of burglary. Ernest was wholly innocent, but he was sentenced to sixty days in the county jail.

"The young lady was sent to a school in Ogatz, Pa., and it was then I learned of the detective's doing my boy. I immediately sold out the paper route and tried to get him a situation. The young lady wrote, I believe, to an employee of her father in South Chicago, who had professed a solicitous friendship for her and promised to give Ernest something to do. He saw Ernest and told him to come out to South Chicago. My boy went there with Frank Allen, of whom he knew but little. Allen got Ernest slightly intoxicated and took him to the Farnsworths, whom Allen said he knew. There was no one there, and, after waiting inside for a while, they walked down the street. As they passed a store Allen grabbed a coat from a dummy and ran away with it.

"Ernest walked quietly on somewhat dazed by the liquor Allen had given him. He was arrested at once and taken to the station. Allen was caught a little later. When Allen was arrested he said that he and Ernest had robbed the Farnsworths' house, although, mind you, nothing was taken away. My boy protested innocence, but the Farnsworths swore hard against him. That, with Allen's confession, was too much,



THEY GOT HIM LOADED.

and both were taken to jail. That was about Christmas. Some time before I had received a letter from the young lady telling me all about her acquaintance with Ernest. She said her parents objected and asked my advice. I replied that if her parents were like me they were only seeking her good, and I advised her to do as they desired. She also wanted to know if she might call on me when she came back to spend the Christmas vacation, and I consented. She came here one day and told me the story again—how much she thought of Ernest, how she intended to set him up in business, how she had often offered him money, which he always refused to take. I then told her that Ernest had been arrested. It was the first she had heard of it.

"She said she was helpless and could do nothing. She called again, though, and said she had hired a lawyer to defend Ernest, and she wanted me to tell him that if he were sent to jail not to fear, that she would think just as much of him as ever. She then asked me to write her at the boarding-school how the trial came out, and then went away.

"Ernest was advised to plead guilty, but he declared he would not plead guilty, and he didn't, and was sentenced to four years. Allen's attorney got Allen a new trial, and he then received but one year in the Bridge-well, but Ernest was unable to secure a rehearing of his case."

Ernest is in prison under the name of George Dunning.

FOUND DEAD IN A DITCH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The police of Helena, Mont., recently discovered the body of Mrs. C. E. Kemp lying drowned in a ditch in the Kills. Mrs. Kemp is the wife of a prominent mining man of that city, and has for some time been insane. Three years ago she accidentally shot and killed her daughter, a girl of fifteen. Since that time when the mother inquires for the daughter she was told the girl was in Europe, and it is thought that she started to try and find her daughter and fell in the ditch and was drowned.

HE SHOT THE RAPIDS AGAIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Once more Carlos D. Graham has successfully performed a daring feat in the treacherous waters of Niagara. This time he went through the whirlpool and Devil's rapids in a barrel made for such a trip. He started from a place a short distance above the railroad bridge in front of thousands of spectators, and drifted into the whirlpool rapids, which he shot in 3½ minutes. After that the barrel drifted into the Devil's Pool and was saved by men on shore.

JAUNTY MARIE JANSEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Marie Jansen, one of the most popular of our comic opera beauties, was born in Boston, Mass. After some years of varied experience she made a hit as Rosetta, in the "Black Hussar," and later as Javotte, in "Erminie." Miss Jansen now plays a rollicking part in "The Oolah," the production of Mr. Francis Wilson, at the Broadway Theatre.

LIGHTNING FREAKS AGAIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fredericksburg, Va., was visited by a most disastrous storm recently, in which two persons were killed. One of them was Stanfield Jones, a farmer and stock raiser, who was standing at his window with his wife and children, when a bolt of lightning struck him, killing him instantly and leaving his family unhurt.

FOUR VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette Card Player," and "Bar-enders' Guide"—all copiously illustrated. Price, 35 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

A CIRCUS SMASH-UP.

The Recent Disaster to Barnum's Menagerie.

THE OLDEN-TIME SHOWS.

The "Police Gazette" Fiend Tells What He Knows About Them.

THE SAME CLOWN IS STILL HERE.

The news that Barnum's big show recently had a circus of its own by running off the track near Potomac, N. Y., and telescoping the monkeys through the elephant, taking off several stories of the giraffe's neck and raising thunder generally, must have amused the open-countenance of the neighborhood who, at last accounts, was having a Wild West show of his own on his native heath, and was shooting the local cow and filling his pop's overalls full of shot, while mistaking them for the jungle lion or the hairy man of the Desert.

The small boy throughout the country will be pleased to hear that not a clown was killed. The rest of us will endeavor to suppress our glee at this strange interposition of Providence, which moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. The trick mule was, however, slaughtered, as were a number of other animals, including several valuable horses, two camels and a monkey or two.

It does seem strange that innocent animals always prove the victims of railroad circus smash-ups, while the clown and the man who watches the holes in the tent invariably escape. And this sets fire to a train of thought in the alleged mind of the POLICE GAZETTE Fiend.

Cannot the granddaddy of the bailiwick recall, as can I, the pleasant memories of the past, when the circus looms up like a lighthouse in the fog of the great and irreclaimable Gone?

Let us sit down and think. Do you remember, Grandpop, how we used to begin catching the croup or collywobbles as soon as the circus bills began to appear on the fences, so that we could stay home from school on the all-important



THIS IS A MONKEY.

day? How we used to loiter around the blacksmith shop and find old (?) iron, when the smith wasn't looking, didn't we? I remember it well.

Don't you remember, Sweet Alice Ben Bolt, how we used to sneak under the tent, and just as we were getting an Al view of the hoofs of the horses, how the man that owned the business would break a board over our back-stoop, drive our spines up through our back hair and then make us pay to get in?

Then how we'd gaze at the elephant and wonder which end he was going to shove the hay in until he proved to us forcibly which was his bow by swatting us half way through the monkeys' cage. Oh, those monkeys. There were no fleas on those monkeys, were there? Remember how the monks were wont to scratch themselves under the fob, stir up the inhabitants on himself, and then dine off the result? Remember the camel with the bustle up on his back,



THIS IS A ELEPHANT.

Grandpop? Ho, ho, ho! Bet you do! Can tell it by your laugh! And then how we used to envy the giraffe, and wish we had a long, lingering neck like his when watermelons were ripe? And the hippopotamus, that had features like an open cellar door when he smiled, and the parrots that used to tell us to go down ourselves. Great graft, wasn't it?

And then the brass band and the peanuts. And the lemonade and the clown. Oh, for a club! Just think of the clown of to-day telling us the same moth-eaten jokes that we used to hear in those days and waiting for us to laugh. Waiting even after we were at home and in bed. Do you remember the trick mule that used to kick us full of bungs when we tried to ride him and sent us home with sore stomachs? And what female riders! Yum! Wasn't it fun to drop our hats from the seats, crawl down, and then walk along un-

der the seats and see how all the girls were built and whether they wore shoestrings or rag carpet for garters?

Grandpop, you're chuckling like a rattlebox and I've a mind to tell grandmom.

Those same monkeys are here to-day, grandpop, and so are their fleas. So are the elephants with tails on each end, and the camels with the bustles up between their shoulders, and the hippopotami with the cellar-door features, and the giraffe with a neck as long as a wet Sunday. They are not the same animals, to be sure, but they are just like the others. But the clowns are the same. We know them by their worm-joint jokes. The bareback (wonder why they call them bare backed?) riders are the same, and when they get too old to ride they go on the stage as ballet girls. They haven't changed a bit.

Nyether (I'm fixed, Grandpop) have the scenes under the seats. I know, because when the last circus was here I dropped my hat and went down to see.

Everything was just the same as of yore, even to the shoestrings and rag-carpet garters.



A CLOWN AND A TRICK MULE.

The only thing that seemed strange to me, Grandpop, was that I didn't get the bosom of my trousers blistered with a board. But I saw other boys get their'n and I almost envied them. QUEVEDO.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Fish, a clerk of San Francisco, and Miss Mary Rathburne, daughter of a retired merchant of the same place, eloped recently and were married at Sacramento, Cal. The young man had only \$33, and told his new wife if they could reach New York they would be all right, as he had wealthy relations there. This proved satisfactory, and the wife put on men's clothing and they started. They beat their way from Sacramento to Denver, Col., by riding on the trucks of passenger coaches and on freight cars. The girl is very pretty and is 19 years old, while her husband is 22. They will probably reach New York next month if freight cars hold out and walking is good. They became acquainted in a novel way. Miss Rathburne fell over the guard ropes of a ferry boat and into Fish's arms. They then became lovers and had to skip.

WE ARE A NATION OF PUFFERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On the back page of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE our artist has truthfully depicted scenes and incidents which have come under his notice while doing the town in his idle moments. It really seems as if we were a nation of puffers and that we were eventually going up in smoke. Genial old John Brougham, in his "Pocahontas," used to refer to the weed as

"The true nepenthe balm for every grief,"

and John was also responsible for the statement:

"Arrah, wud yer dhudeen ye kin drive away care!"

The nicotine weed has a great grasp on our natives, as is shown by the excellent illustration referred to, which fully explains itself.

OHIO'S NOTED SPORTING MAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Mr. W. Edwards, president of the Cleveland, O., Driving Park Association, appears elsewhere in this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Mr. Edwards is well known throughout the South and West as an honest and upright patron of respectable sports.

A NEBRASKA SHERIFF.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Sheriff McEvoy, whose picture is presented elsewhere in this issue, is one of the most fearless and bravest of Nebraska's sheriffs. Sheriff McEvoy is located in O'Neill, and is the respected official of Holt county. He is also a lover of sports and athletics of all kinds.

HE WANTS TO GO OVER THE FALLS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Prof. J. M. Landfield of Chicago has written the POLICE GAZETTE that it is his intention of going over the Niagara Falls at an early date. He is emphatic in his asseverations of his ability to perform the feat, and promises to astonish the world by his novel method of doing the act.

A HUMAN SPIDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

J. A. Inman's portrait is given elsewhere. Mr. Inman is a resident of Dakota, and is known throughout the West as "A Human Spider," because of his efficiency in climbing ladders, for which peculiar feat he holds the championship.

A CHAMPION JIGGIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Michael (better known as "Mike") Tracey claims the championship of the world for Irish jig dancing. Although still a young man, Tracey is known to fame and wears any number of medals as an earnest of his excellence in his line of business.

A FAMOUS DETROIT TURFITE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Perhaps no better turfman is known throughout the Northwest than D. J. Campan, president of the Detroit, Mich., Driving Club. We present an excellent likeness of the well-known horseman on another page.

BUFFALO BILL'S BOY BRONCHO BREAKER.

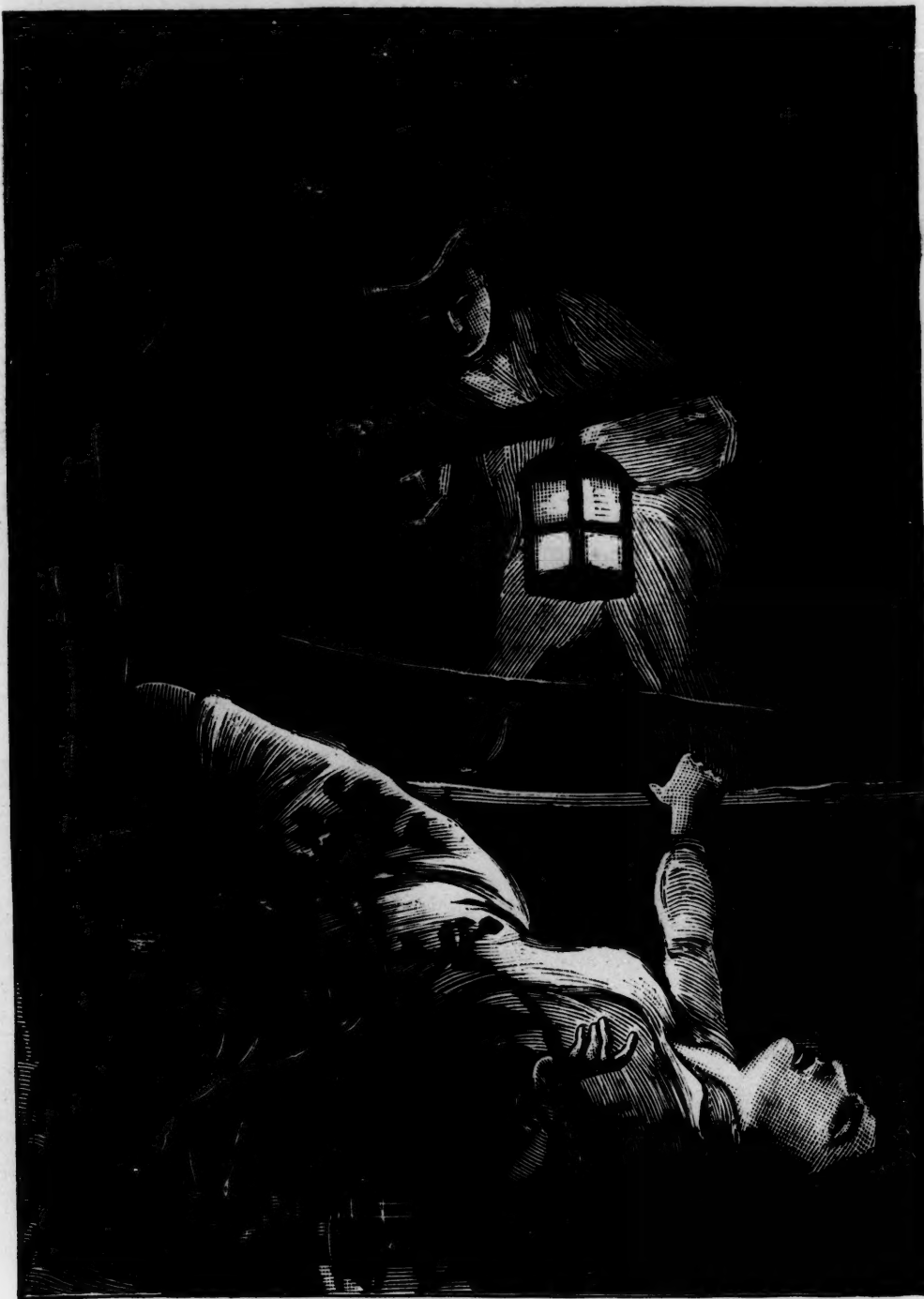
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we present the portrait of Kid Baker, famed as a crack rifle shot, and also as Buffalo Bill's Boy Broncho Breaker. The Kid is quite popular in Denver, Col., where he resides.



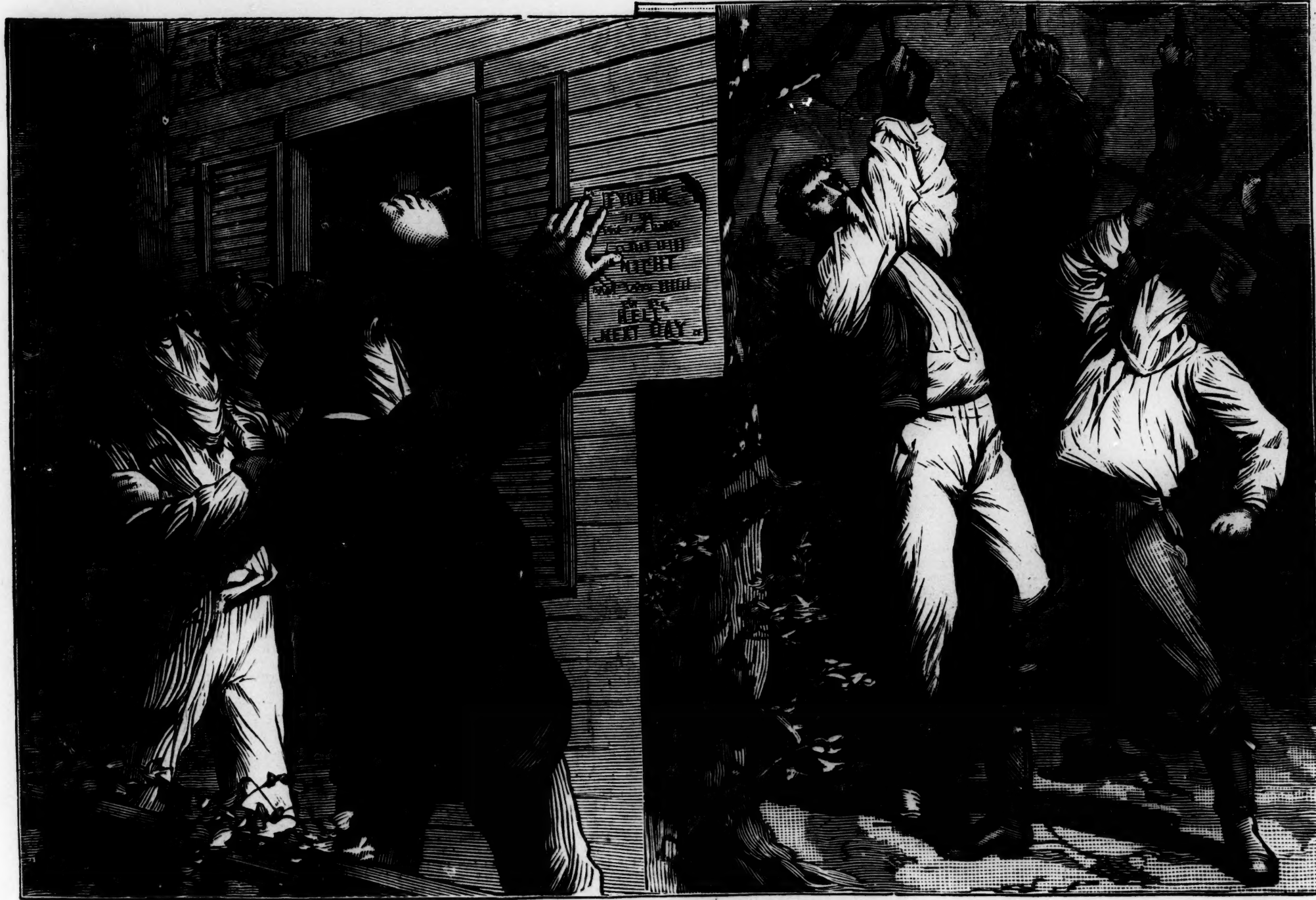
WHO FREW DAT SHOT?

HAD THESE CITIZENS OF NEW ORLEANS BEEN OUT WITH THE BOYS, OR WERE THE ELEMENTS AT WAR ON A SMALL SCALE?



FOUND DEAD IN A DITCH.

INSANE MRS. KEMP, OF HELENA, MONT., MURDERS HER DAUGHTER, STARTS ON A TRAMP TO EUROPE AND DIES BY THE WAYSIDE.



ALABAMA MORMONS TROUNCED.

ENRAGED CITIZENS OF A TOWN NEAR BIRMINGHAM STRING THEM UP BY THE THUMBS AND LASH THEM.



THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

THE NOVEL MEETING OF CHARLES FISH AND MAY RATHBURNE, OF SAN FRANCISCO, LEADS TO AN EXCITING ELOPEMENT.



LIGHTNING FREAKS AGAIN.

IT PICKS OUT STANFIELD JONES, OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA., KILLS HIM AND LEAVES HIS FAMILY UNHURT.

WHO'LL BE WINNERS?

Will New York and Brooklyn be at the Head of the Processions?

BASEBALL BABBLE.

Toledo could get along quite easily with Bottens' brilliant ball playing, but it was his own sulky disposition that resulted in his getting his walking papers.

Tebau and Schmeiz are having a run in over their respective control of the Cincinnati players, and they don't speak now as they pass by. The trouble is that the newspapers gave Captain Tebau too much credit, and it made Manager Schmeiz jealous, and he has since then been doing nothing but laying all the boulders in the path of Tebau that he could possibly find. These little differences will occasionally occur in the best regulated families.



When a ball player out-lives his usefulness, and is no longer competent to hold his end up, even in the minor leagues, he invariably starts a gin mill, in preference to going to the poor-house and giving himself up.

Sam Berkley is not dead by any means. He was simply in too fast company, so he sought his own level, and is now in one of the minor leagues.

Occasionally some of the gentlemen connected with baseball are a trifle previous. Louisville gave an amateur by the name of Smith a trial of catching, but he did not come up to expectations, so they let him drop. Strange as it may seem, however, Wheeler Wilcox has stipulated his contract with the Louisville club.

It is claimed that Hump, of the Evansville club, is a comical Curt Welch. It is to be hoped that when he comes he will leave a few Curt's dirty tricks behind him. The baseball public are not hogs, and one Indian of Curt's calibre is a delicate sufficiency.

So Jake Morse thinks that the Association clubs can go right into the League and cope with the best of them. There is just such a thing as a wise gentleman like Mr. Morse making a miscalculation. The Association clubs all play good ball, but were they playing every day with League teams it is dollars to cents that their plumage would begin to drop in a very short space of time. Association clubs have come into the League often, but with the exception of the Cleveland this year they have never done anything startling, and even the Cleveland, with all their bluff and bluster, are no higher than fifth place, and they will be lucky dogs if they succeed in finishing that high up in the race.

The baseball enthusiasts of New York city were about the craziest set of inmates that ever roamed around outside of the mad house, when the New Yorks struck the toboggan slide.

We have often heard the story of the man who looked at the stable after the horse had been stolen, but we don't think it beats the Auburn club, who have fined a man \$200 and suspended him after he had run away from them with a month's salary in advance.

Stalling was released by the Toledo club to go to the Buffalo. So he went out, took a chase across the plains and landed in California.

We now hear the startling news that John Reilly has signed with the Strobbridge Lithographing Company, and intends to withdraw from baseball. This does not mean a bluff for more pay, we are sure, as John has only been connected with this company for about ten years, and has signed a contract each year.

With Williamson back at short, the Chicagoans are harder to beat than ever. Exchange. This accounts for the difficulty that Pittsburgh and Indianapolis have encountered in getting away with the Chicagoans. Nevertheless, they have gotten away with them just the same.

It is true that there is not a lusher in the Omaha team, then they should by all means embody the whole club and put them in a glass case, as it is the first club that has ever been organized that has not had at least one lusher.

The Louisville banker who ran against Goldsmith and demanded an apology, had about as hard a customer to deal with as he could run across in a day's journey. Goldie ordered a disturbing element to be removed from the ground and the "copper," by mistake, nailed the banker, which came near resulting in a young riot. That evening the banker hunted up Goldie in the town, but as the apology which he demanded never came, he started in "to do" our famous umpire, but his own friends saved him from making one of the biggest mistakes of his life, for Goldie is one of the kind who doesn't take water from anybody and can fight like an infuriated tiger when he once gets started.

The time will come when base sliding will be tabooed from the baseball arena, as there have been more ball players injured temporarily and permanently from this cause than any other.

Playing baseball on one's knees is not the most delightful occupation a ball player can indulge in. Here is Duke, of the Minneapolis club, who hurt his knees so badly in Omaha that he is now on crutches.

The New York pony pitchers have done nothing of a startling nature since they switched off into the minor leagues. Titcomb, who would rather lie idle than go to Minneapolis for the paltry sum of \$4.50 per month is being hit very hard by the International Association clubs, while George has been unconditionally released by the Columbus club. Still these boys were on the pay roll of the champion club of the world last year.

Watkins was not successful in his efforts to farm Guson out to the St. Joseph club. Mr. Guson claims to have a "voice" in the matter and says he will either have to be released outright or he will continue a bench warmer until such time as it will be convenient to make room for him in the Kansas City line.

Those Western baseball managers must be holy terrorists. It is claimed that Roushkolb, of the Grand Rapids club, skipped at Detroit, leaving his wife utterly destitute.

Now the mouthpieces of the American Association are slobbering over the hard-luck of the Cleveland club in losing nearly all its games by a single run. This organ forgets that a miss is as good as a mile. During the early part of the season one would have imagined from the style in which the horn was tooted that the Cleveland was the only club that was in the League race.

Kemmer had many pleasant things in his day, and there are some that he has enjoyed more than others. Now while he has no fault to find with pleurisy, as he has found it very agreeable, still it is not his first choice.

Donahue didn't quite fill the bill on that third bag for the Lowell club, so they gave him the g—b—and engaged Shimmick of Auburn to try his hand.

The players who did the hard work for the New Havens in the early part of the season, are now playing with the stuffed country clubs. New Haven stood the poor work as long as they could and then looked for new material.

The Cleveland club have been paying Faatz' fines right through the season, but they are finding it rather an expensive luxury.

The big fellow is naturally a notorious kicker, and so long as it isn't costing him anything to shoot off his mouth he just blazes away like a cannon, and lets the umpires fine him until they get blue in the face. The club management are getting tired of this racket, and they are beginning to squeal under the pressure.

That \$100 fine which Curry soaked him with in Chicago, they are trying to squirm out of paying through a technicality, but Nick Young won't have it that way, as he says, if you don't keep your dog muzzled, you will have to put up with the consequences.

The trouble with Dunlap was that he was a trifle too bossy and overbearing with the Pittsburgh boys, but with Hanlon, however, things are altogether different.

Can it possibly be that Manager Geer, of Utica, is our once famous Billy Geer, so widely known in baseball circles, and one of the greatest characters of the baseball arena?

The terrible suspension of Pitcher Souders ought to be a warning to all men of the baseball fraternity, as he was suspended for nearly twenty-four hours. We don't know whether the rope was around his neck or his waist, as we have not yet heard the full particulars, only we do know that he was suspended from the time the game was over one day until they found it absolutely necessary to use him next day.

Even the model Boston club has its little drawbacks, as the team contains one or two Indians who are passionately fond of bug juice.

There is nothing like a good thing, and the Lowell management don't like to be behind the door when the favors are given out. Sunday ball playing in the East is not going to last forever, but while it does hold out the Lowell people want their end of it, so they have commenced playing Sunday games at Rocky Point, where they take in more money on that one day than on the other six days combined.

So far as Anson is concerned, there is not a man in the baseball business who can offer an excuse for conceding anything to him, but in the case of Ned Williamson it is hardly likely that there is a man in the profession that would compel him to run the bases with his game leg. Ned is a man all the way through, and extremely popular.

Barnie's feelers feel confident that he will take second place in the Association race, but it puzzles us to know what they are going to do with either the St. Louis or Brooklyn clubs.

Since there is no hope of Kansas City winning the championship the admirers of the game in that city have almost deserted the grounds, so that when a visiting club gets there they are discouraged at playing to empty benches.

Pat Powers was just a trifle more than chagrined when he discovered that his pet, Hoffer, had been released by the directors without his having been consulted in the matter, and that Jack Chapman, manager of the Syracuse club, had him signed before Powers knew that he was gone.

Young Madden of the Bostonians has been weaned, but nevertheless it is the general impression it was done too soon. While playing in Cleveland he is said to have done no better than to receive proper support, so he got hunk by tossing the ball in so easily that he was batted all over the field.

Bushong shows his level head by insisting that Brooklyn will win the pennant. We had that whole business cut and dried long ago—New York to win the National League pennant, Brooklyn the American Association pennant, and New York the world's championship series.

The Cowboys are winning more games now than when they sawed wood and said nothing to the umpires. Sporting Life. This looks to us as though the Kansas City boys were being encouraged to make the earth a hell to the umpire.

The baseball admirers in the various cities are the most fickle-minded people in the world, and are influenced almost entirely by newspaper reports. When a newspaper reporter is biased in his writings it is invariably the case that the entire public in that city base their opinions on his views. Take such cities as Cleveland, Indianapolis and Boston, for instance, and everything the home club does is perfectly right, while the poor visitors are hissed and hooted for everything they do. Cleveland prides itself upon having the most disorderly crowd in the country, and Indianapolis laughs at the idea of thinking the Cleveland people can outdo the Hoosiers.

Tebau of the Cincinnati has had hard luck. His aspirations ran toward base-running, but after the injury his arm received in a break-neck slide he is not so enthusiastic as before. Bruised shins and skinned hips has taken much of the novelty out of base-sliding.

Von der Ahe looks upon Ramsey as a very valuable man—that is, for any other club than the St. Louis—and a good, round bonus would come pretty near inducing Mr. Von der Ahe to sell.

Paul Hines, as a rule, is a pretty easy-going fellow, but when he is crossed he is as stubborn as a mule. This, no doubt, explains his lay-off on the Boston team. It certainly was not for poor playing, as his release would be purchased about as quickly as any player in the profession, were it placed on the market.

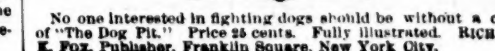
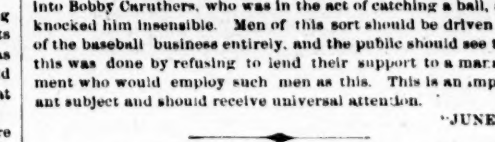
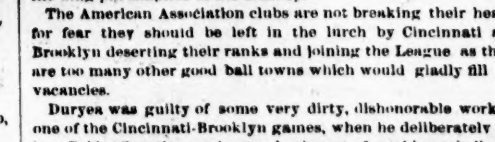
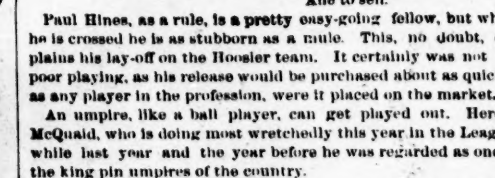
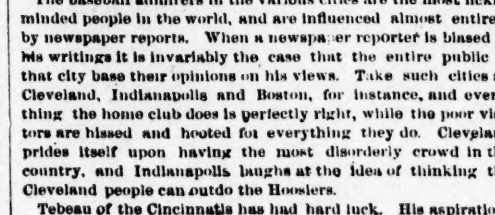
An umpire, like a ball player, can get played out. Here is McQuaid, who is doing most wretchedly this year in the League, while last year and the year before he was regarded as one of the king pin umpires of the country.

The American Association clubs are not breaking their hearts for fear they should be left in the lurch by Cincinnati and Brooklyn deserting their ranks and joining the League, as there are too many other good ball towns which would gladly fill the vacancies.

Duryea was guilty of some very dirty, dishonorable work in one of the Cincinnati-Brooklyn games, when he deliberately ran into Bobby Caruthers, who was in the act of catching a ball, and knocked him insensible. Men of this sort should be driven out of the baseball business entirely, and the public should see that this was done by refusing to lend their support to a management who would employ such men as this. This is an important subject and should receive universal attention.

"JUNE"

No one interested in fighting dogs should be without a copy of "The Dog Pit." Price 25 cents. Fully illustrated. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



CONLEY-CARDIFF.

The Coming "Police Gazette" Cup Match Between Searle and O'Connor.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE

[SPECIAL CABLES TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

A special cable to the "Police Gazette" from Sydney, N. S. W., says: Australia, it would seem, is in no danger of losing the world's championship, as they have John Stansberry a sculler said to be fully equal to Harry Searle, and believed by many Australians to be even faster than Searle. Stansberry is but 24 years of age, and may possibly visit England should Searle be beaten by the American champion in the race for the "Police Gazette" challenge cup and the championship of the world on Sept. 2.

A special cable to the "Police Gazette" says: The prize fight between Jack Couper, the champion of South Africa, and Woolf Bendoff, of England, for £5,000, was fought at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, on July 22. The stakes were the largest ever fought for in the annals of the prize ring. The fight originated in this way. Woolf Bendoff, an arriving in the Colony, four months ago, advertised as follows: "Woolf Bendoff, who has just arrived from England, hearing of the boxing abilities of J. R. Couper, champion of South Africa, would like to see him in any style he likes, for £1,000 up to £5,000 a side." Bendoff ultimately accepted the challenge, and found Couper to be a formidable opponent. The battle was fought on the Eagle Gold Mining Company's ground, six miles from Johannesburg (Transvaal Republic), and "Police Gazette" rules governed. Twenty-seven rounds were fought in 1 hour 27 minutes, when Couper knocked Bendoff senseless, and Couper was declared the winner. Bendoff weighed 175 pounds, Couper 155 pounds. Barnard, the Diamond King, backed Bendoff, and bet £1,000 outside the stakes on his man. Over 2,300 spectators were present, and 500 were in the enclosure, all of whom paid £5 each for tickets. The gate money was divided, and Couper received £2,000.

LONDON, August 27, 1889.

The sculling race between Wm. O'Connor, the American champion, and Henry Searle, the champion of the world, who are to row over the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, for £1,000, the "Police Gazette" challenge cup and the championship of the world on September 9, is creating considerable interest. Nearly £10,000 have already been wagered on the result of the race, the bulk of the money being put up at odds of five to four on the Australian by a contingent of Australians who carry large commissions to back their countryman. Both men have been training hard, but Searle has to stop work owing to boils, which carmine, when training, are constantly afflicted with.

Searle's drawback has not affected the confidence reposed in his ability to defeat the American champion, or even in the betting, for drafts of thousands of pounds are held by Messrs. All n and Thompson to put out on Searle when the Canadian money sent on from Toronto reaches here. Judging by the American champion's form, the race is going to be a "clinker" for three miles, which may claim to be the American's favorite distance, but it is the general opinion that the extra mile and three furlongs, which is the distance of the Thames championship course on which the race has to be rowed over, may be too much for him. The race is the main topic in sporting circles here, and it will give boating a great boom and probably lead to several important contests.

(Signed)

ATKINSON.

H. C. Warn, of Detroit, paid \$15,000 for Wheeling Wilkes.

Toronto sporting men have backed O'Connor with a vengeance. Axtell is undoubtedly the champion three-year-old trotter of the season.

Sandy Lane of Albany is eager to run any man in America 200 or 300 yards for \$1,000.

There is talk of a Belle Hamlin-Clingstone trotting race at St. Louis during the State Fair.

Cartoon, with 104 pounds up, ran one mile at Saratoga, N. Y., on Aug. 27, 1889, in 1:43.

On Aug. 26 Chappie Moran and Tom Kelly, the Harlem Spider, were matched to fight for \$1,000.

The proposed two-mile heat race for running horses for a purse of \$20,000, at Fresno, Cal., has been abandoned.

After Johnny Reagan's exhibition Billy Reed offered to bet any part of \$1,000 that Reagan will defeat young Mitchell.

El Rio Rey has turned out the great phenomenon two-year-old the POLICE GAZETTE prophesied early last winter.

Frontenac, two years old, with 105 pounds up, ran three-quarters of a mile in 1:13½ at the Morris Park, New York, Aug. 27, 1889.

The Olympic Club, of New Orleans, recently tendered Prof. John Duffy a testimonial, and the affair was well attended, for Duffy has a host of friends.

J. J. Collier, the champion swimmer, won the 1,000 yards challenge cup race at the Davenport regatta, England. Twelve thousand spectators were present.

Jack Cattansah of Pawtucket, R. I., the well-known pugilist and general athlete, is ready to box any middle-weight for a purse, the contest to be for 8 or 10 rounds.

The Toronto police force have the heaviest and best tug-of-war team in the world, and they are ready to meet any police tug-of-war team, twelve men a side, for \$1,000 a side.

Long Dance, three years old, with 118 pounds up, won the Kunker stakes, distance two miles, at Saratoga, N. Y., on Aug. 27, 1889, running the distance in the last time of 3:24.

Dwyer Brothers' two-year-old, June Day, was only beaten by a neck by Frontenac, in a three-quarter dash for two-year-olds, at Morris Park, N. Y., on Aug. 27. Frontenac's time was 1:13½.

John F. Scholes, of Toronto, is eager to figure in a friendly boxing contest with either John L. Sullivan or Jake Kilrain at Toronto. Scholes and Kilrain would pack any theatre at Toronto.

At Purvis, Miss., on Aug. 26, Jake Kilrain gave bonds of \$2,000 to appear for trial the last week in December. Charley Rich and R. S. Carborough furnished the bonds for the ex champion.

John McPherson, the holder of the "Police Gazette" all-round athletic championship medal, arrived in this city on Aug. 26, and left for Boston with Archy Scott, of Woodstock, Canada.

Bud Renaud of New Orleans has been authorized to offer Kilrain \$2,500 to stand up for four rounds before Sullivan and Kilrain may accept. When Renaud made Kilrain the proposition he said he would think over the matter and probably agree to the proposition.

Jimmy Carroll, the well-known light-weight, in reply to a challenge from Billy Dacey, says that he does not care to meet fighters who are not in his class, and, therefore, will not pay any attention to the challenge of Billy Dacey.

At Capt. Mike Boyle's Knickerbocker Garden, on Hudson street, Hoboken, N. J., on Aug. 28, Chappie Moran and Ed McCarthy boxed four rounds. About 700 paid for admission, and the set-to was one of the best ever witnessed.

Edward Hanlan recently presented Frank Smith, the well-known athletic club swimmer and member of the Toronto Fire Department, an elegant pin, which he brought specially from Australia. Smith trained Hanlan in several races.

A Chicago wheelman is preparing for a gigantic trip on his wheel. He intends to outdo Stevens, and visit every

known country. Starting from Chicago on January 1, 1891, he will go first to Mexico, and expects to take the water at San Francisco about October. While away he will write for several magazines and papers.

Edward Hanlan is again going into training and intends to challenge the winner of the Gaudaur and Teemer boat race. Hanlan is having a new shell built and he has invented a wrinkle connected with rigging the boat which he thinks will be a great advantage in assisting speed. If it is a success he will have it patented.

The ocean race between the Teutonic and the City of New York from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, Ireland, was won by the City of New York. The steamers left Sandy Hook on Aug. 21 at 3:31 P. M. The City of New York arrived at Roche's Point at 12:40 A. M. on Aug. 27. The passage to Roche's Point occupied 6 days, 3 hours, 18 minutes.

Wm. B. Bingham, of Toronto, offers to match Charles Currie, the gigantic all-round athlete of Parkdale, Ont., to put the 14, 16, 18, 20 or 22 pound shot against any man in the world, J. C. Maggill, of Boston, preferred, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side; Caledonian rules to govern; the POLICE GAZETTE to be final stakeholder and appoint the referee.

The flat encounter between Billy McMillan, of Washington, and Peter Lally, of Baltimore, who are to battle for \$1,000 according to "Police Gazette" rules, will attract considerable attention, and Washington sports will back McMillan until the question of supremacy is decided with a barrel of money. Billy Barnett, of Washington, is backing McMillan.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, has posted \$250 with Richard E. Fox and issued a challenge to put the 14 and 21 pound shot, throw the light and heavy hammer (Caledonian rules), and toss the caber against any athlete in the world for \$1,000 a side, Caledonian rules to govern, and the majority of the events to be declared the winner, and Richard E. Fox to be final stakeholder and select the judges and referee.

Robert Sparks, the champion runner of Canada at 200 yards, was in this city on Aug. 26, and called at the POLICE GAZETTE with Frank Smith, Edward Hanlan's trainer. Sparks is one of the fastest runners in this country. He has won numerous races and he holds a prominent position in the Toronto post office. It is rumored that he will be shortly appointed one of the chief clerks, owing to his efficiency and executive ability in postal affairs.

The following explains itself: CINTI, O., Aug. 21, 1889. SPORTING EDITOR OF POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: I see by the POLICE GAZETTE that the California Athletic Club is willing to give any one that is willing to fight a chance. Now, I wrote out there a number of times and got no reply. I am willing to fight any one out there, bar Jack Dempsey and Jackson, winner take the entire gate receipts and purse. Mr. Pat Killen not barred. The fight to be to a finish. I will weigh, in condition, 165 pounds. Please publish. Respectfully yours,

L. S. MCGREGOR, St. Joe, Ind.

The following explains itself: PENSACOLA, Fla., Aug. 15, 1889. SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—This is to certify that, on yesterday evening, I timed Henry G. Klink with a stop watch, and that, in the presence of myself and several other gentlemen, members of the Pensacola Driving Association, he walked one mile in 6 minutes and 20 seconds.

M. J. FAURIA.

That beats the previous best professional record, made by Perkins, in England, by 3 seconds, but the time cannot be accepted as a record unless duly authenticated by affidavits from the referee and judges.

Billy Morris, of Pittsburgh, writes to the "Police Gazette": "If John Teemer can beat Gaudaur I will match Teemer to row Searle or O'Connor, and if Teemer cannot beat Gaudaur, why, we'll wait until we see what Gaudaur does with Searle or O'Connor. At any rate, I am prepared to risk a stake of \$1,000 on Teemer in a race with Gaudaur, and, as the stakes are not extremely big, Gaudaur can have \$300 expenses to row at McKeesport. I cannot win or lose much, but really I would like to see the two men tested, as O'Connor has beaten both of them. I certainly do not look upon it as a sure thing for Teemer to defeat Gaudaur. If I did, I would be anxious to have the stake as high as possible."

John L. Sullivan's reception at Oak Island was postponed on Aug. 31. The Selection of Revere refused to grant a license for an exhibition where sparring was one of the features, but were willing to allow an athletic exhibition to take place. This was not suitable to the Sullivan party, and Jack Barnitt has telegraphed to Prof. Drohan, of the Farnell Athletic Club, under whose auspices the affair was to be held, to cancel all engagements for Oak Island, and to let the matter drop until a better place can be secured. The Boston sporting men are much disheartened over the turn of affairs, and are beginning to despair of ever being able to give John L. a testimonial.

All arrangements have been made in the flat encounter between Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, of Ashland, and Paty Cardiff, of Minneapolis. The flat gladiators are to fight in the Alcazar, Hurley, Wis., on Sept. 6, for \$1,000 and 75 per cent. of the gate money. The "Police Gazette" rules are to govern, and there will be no limit to the number of rounds. Both pugilists are in training, and the meeting between these well-known prize ring heroes is creating no little excitement. Dauntle Needham has been training Cardiff. Sporting men at Ashland are backing Conley at \$100 to \$75, and a delegation from Minneapolis are going to Ashland to invest their money on Cardiff. James Breen, of Ashland, has been selected final stakeholder and holds the battle money. J. D. Hayes, Conley's backer, has wagered \$1,000 to \$75 on his partner's (Conley) chances of winning.

Billy Wilson, the colored heavy-weight pugilist of St. Paul, is in San Francisco with his backer, Thomas Jefferson. Wilson is the hero of fourteen battles, which he won with ease. He went there in search of a fight. If he cannot see any prospect for a battle he will soon return to his home. Jefferson believes that Wilson can whip any man in America except Sullivan. Pope Gooding says: "Wilson will give any man outside of Sullivan a hard fight. He uses both hands and is game to the core. Any one whom he lands his right on will go out as though Sullivan had hit him. Cardiff defeated him, but the circumstances surrounding the contest were such that Wilson had no show to win. I saw him work at Spokane Falls on our way out and noticed a marked improvement. While not underrating Jackson, he would find Wilson a hard nut to crack, even if he did not meet his match."

The National Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, gave a fine exhibition at their rooms, No. 118 Myrtle street, on Friday night, Aug. 31. The first bout was between the bantam-weights of the club, Charles Murphy and Mike Hogan, who wound up with honors about even. Jack Skelly and Geo. Spier then gave a scientific exhibition, and then Ed Lobes and Tony Murray scrapped a laughable scrap. Ed Hagan and Sam Zimmerman and Joe Jimballo and John Carroll indulged in a hot, slashing encounter. The wind-up was between John Jimballo and Prof. Willie Clark. "Police Gazette" gloves were used, as they always are by this club. After Capt. H. J. Fisher had presented the club with a handsome set of colors, Messrs. A. W. McMurray, M. Weltheimer, George Keyser, Sam Lee, Fred Burns and others delighted the audience with vocal and instrumental selections, and a supper was enjoyed at the Labor Lyceum.

Among those present were Dick Bennett, of the Standard-Union, Brooklyn; Mr. McCaffery, of the Brooklyn Times; Billy Strauss, William Berner, Sr., and others. The entertainment was under the management of the following named gentlemen: Charles Berner, pres.; William Berner, Jr.; Edward Stevenson, Dr. Van Schoonhoven, Gus Berner, Geo. Spier, John Skelly, Geo. Gandel, Geo. Keyser, Henry Fisher and Fred W. Morphy. Fred Burns was announcer. William Berner held the watch, and Geo. Keyser was master of ceremonies. The annual tournament of the N. A. C. of Brooklyn will be given at the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum on October 10 and 12, when among other handsome prizes will be a valuable gold medal, representing the 125-pound class, presented by Richard E. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

ALL 'ROUND ATHLETICS.

The Coming Championship Games
of the A. A. U.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

I learn the authorities are making a crusade on the Pacific Coast against athletic clubs—why, I am at a loss to know. Recently, Judge Levy and Chief of Police Crowley appeared before the Grand Jury at San Francisco and urged that some action should be taken to place restriction on athletic clubs.

After discussion it was deemed advisable to enforce the ordinances against incorporated athletic clubs and to recommend that the Board of Supervisors frame an order imposing a license of \$5,000 per annum upon incorporated clubs and prohibiting exhibitions given without the consent of the Mayor.

McEwen, the four-year-old trotter who won the four-year-old stake at Buffalo in 2:19, 2:19½, 2:21½, is a wonder. McEwen's performance was decidedly the fastest race ever won by a four-year-old stallion. The 2:18 of Sable Wilkes was made against time, and the 2:18½ of Combat was in the second heat of a race in which he lost the other three in 2:22, 2:23½, 2:23½. McEwen was bred by Mr. Jas. McEwen, of Franklin, Tenn., and purchased by Major Campbell Brown, with his dam, when only a few days old. He was broken as a two-year-old early in the summer, and in September won the Hermitage Stakes at Nashville, making a record of 2:39½. As a three-year-old he made a Breeder's record of 2:25½.

This year he was in the stud up to July 1. He was started at Cleveland in the 2:24 class, and was fifth in a field of thirteen. He lost the fourth heat by a nose in 2:30, and was third in the fifth and deciding heat. The best time he showed at Ewell Farm was 2:30½. Beating this in a contested race shows he is not an exhibition horse.

McEwen is a strong, muscular, lengthy chestnut, with excellent legs and feet; stands a shade under 15½ hands and weighs 1,140 pounds. His sire, McCurdy's Hambletonian (6½ year-old record 2:24½), was by Harold, out of Belle (dam of Belmont), by Mambrino Chief, and is own brother to Fancourt's dam.

I learn that the California Athletic Club intend to now promote amateur as well as professional boxing, and that they intend to hold a tournament at San Francisco on Sept. 17, 18 and 19.

Three handsome trophies are offered, valued at \$100, \$50 and \$10. At the last meeting the different class weights were fixed, and a committee of three, consisting of W. R. Vile, J. F. Daily and P. F. Morter, were appointed to draft rules to govern the tournament. That the entries will be numerous there is no doubt. Many of the boxing teachers in San Francisco have clever proteges whom they are desirous of pushing to the front and will encourage to enter.

I think the coming all-round champion athlete is Charles S. Currie of Park Hill, Canada. He stands 6 feet 5 inches in height, is 35 years of age, and weighs 215 pounds. Currie's put of the 35-pound shot at Buffalo, N. Y., at 10 feet 2 inches, and the 14-pound shot, 40 feet 1 inch, stand out as examples of the most phenomenal shot-putting ever accomplished.

By the way, now is the shot-putting, hammer-throwing season, as the many Caledonian clubs are holding their games, and Currie's performances and the feats of Joe McPherson and Duncan C. Ross will be watched with eager interest.

There is a controversy raging in the Scotch press in regard to the shot-putting and hammer-throwing records of Scotch and American all-round professional athletes, and George Davidson, the once champion all-round athlete, says:

"Donald Dinnie has proved himself the most famous athlete of the present century, and when at his best could outdistance any other athlete as an all-round man. As a hammer thrower, in Scotch style, his distance with 23-pound and 16-pound hammers are 5 to 10 feet ahead of all others; with 23-pound stone a foot ahead, and with 16-pound stone about 3 feet ahead; while no man had any chance with him at caber tossing. Fleming could only approach him at putting for a few years with the 23-pound stone."

"William Tait was a better all-round athlete than Fleming, and to decide the merits of Dinnie and Tait a medal was contested for by both when in their prime, and won by Dinnie by two points. W. Tait was a much better athlete than his brother John. As a family, the four brothers Tait were the most famous Scotland has produced, and John Fleming is quite wrong in saying 'the family of which I am a member for prizes stands unrivaled in the world.' I have talked over the foregoing subjects often with the late James Fleming, and his conclusions and those of McCombie Smith are identical."

"As to Benjamin Pirie's newspaper imaginations, let me mention as a well-known fact that in the Barrack Park, Dundee, where W. Tait threw over 38 feet, as much as 5 feet down hill can be got on 40 feet. As to Ross beating Dinnie in America, it is sufficient to say that Dinnie was ill before he left Scotland, was made worse by the voyage, and suffered in America from the excessive heat; yet before the end of the season Dinnie defeated Ross all round, although he was 45 years of age and Ross in his prime, between 25 and 30."

"The match between Ross and Tait, of which Benjamin Pirie makes so much, had several features preventing it from being accepted as an accurate test of the men's powers, and there are reasons which prevent my admitting that the records of distances and weights of hammer were stated with exactitude. It is very strange that John Tait threw the Inverness 16-pound hammer only 104 feet with the turn, when Macrae (Nairn) and myself have thrown a similar hammer 120 feet and 117 feet respectively in the ordinary style."

"The letter written by A. Menzies, Liverpool, corresponds with what I have heard about William Stewart, from those who knew him in his prime, namely, that as a putter he was the best for his weight ever seen in Scotland, which is, I think, the same as saying the best ever seen anywhere."

Everyone is entitled to his opinion, and there is not the least doubt that Donald Dinnie in his day was a wonderful man at putting the shot and excelling in other feats of strength, but there are all-round athletes here now who greatly excel Donald Dinnie and his performances."

The approaching regular championship games of the A. A. U., which take place September 14, will, perhaps, be the best ever held in this country. The amalgamation is bound to produce much more interest in these games than if the athletes of the country were divided, and there will probably not be a single event which will not be very close. Where there have been one or two first-class men in previous events, indications are that each of the fifteen events of the A. A. U. programme will contain four or five entries, among whom it will be hard to pick the winner. The 100-yard run is certainly very open, as is also the 200-yard run. There are so many good distance men in the field at present that the one and five-mile runs are as open as any events on the programme."

Sid Thomas, the four and ten miles amateur champion of England is coming to this country with the intention of competing in the American and Canadian long-distance championships. We shall not be at all surprised if he is beaten by T. Conneff, the Irish-American. By the way, Thomas' rival, E.

W. Parry, is getting into form again. He won the half-mile steeplechase and was third in the mile at Newton recently, running in both from scratch. The ex-champion also won the mile steeplechase at Oswestry.

Athletes of the present day are always demonstrating their ability to beat the record. E. J. Fryer, who ran third in the quarter-mile amateur championship, beat both E. H. Pelling and the amateur 500-yards grass record at Biggleswade, in a scratch race, the time being 59.5 seconds.

Ralph Temple, the bicyclist, has not been long in England before demonstrating his ability. At Leicester he beat all the cracks in a ten miles professional scratch race. W. Wood, the Tynesider, and he are matched to race for £50, and the contest is sure to be exciting.

Johnny Reagan, the well-known middle-weight pugilist, has gone to San Francisco to train for his battle with Young Mitchell, which contest is to be for a purse of \$2,500 offered by the California Athletic Club. Reagan carries with him a first-class certificate as a pugilist, and there is not the least doubt but that the sporting men on the Pacific Coast will give him a big reception.

Reagan is gentlemanly in his manners, he is no boaster, and there is not the least doubt but that he will sustain his reputation for being a game, scientific fighter when he meets Young Mitchell, and no matter whether he conquers or is conquered, he will give a good record of himself and prove he is one of the best pugilists in the water weight class. Mitchell may defeat him, but the Californian will know he has been to the races before the battle is over, lost or won.

Young Mitchell and John Murphy formally opened their new training quarters on San Leandro road, near San Francisco.

E. H. Pelling, of the London Athletic Club, must be a wonderful sprinter, indeed. The recent performance of 400 yards in the remarkably fast time of 1 minute 15.5 seconds speaks well for him.

If O'Connor, the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, wins the championship this month, and a good many people think he will, Canada will surely have the honor of the aquatic supremacy of the world. Latest reports from London state that both the oarsmen are hard at work, and that our own William is in the best of form. His old friend, Joe Rogers, of Toronto, has reached the scene of operations, and will look after the American champion till the day of the race. The betting is said to be still in favor of the Australian, and it is just as well for the speculative Canadian that it is so, for he may find that he has a "good thing" by taking the short end.

C. S. Green, the well-known and popular knight of the twelfth, who piloted Lila to her record of 2:16 over the Buffalo track just fourteen years ago, owns the fastest, strictly trotting bred filly ever bred. The youngster is at the Forest City Farm, Cleveland, is about two months old, sired by Patona, 2:34½, out of Lillie Goldsmit, 2:16½, an average record for the filly by inheritance of 2:16½. The fastest colt ever bred is an unnamed youngster, owned at Forest City Farm, by Patona, 2:34½, out of Mattie Hunter, 2:15½, which inherits an average record of 2:15½. The next fastest colt ever bred is owned by Wm. B. McDonald, of the Jewett Stock Farm. It is the unnamed bay colt sired by Jerome Eddy, 2:16½, out of Buffalo Girl, 2:12½, inheriting an average record of 2:14½.

At the New York Jockey Club track on August 24, the Great Eclipse stakes for two year olds, \$500 each, with \$10,000 added, of which \$2,000 went to second and \$1,000 to third, ½ mile—El Rio Rey (Winchell) won, Eberlee (Faral) second, Banquet (Taylor) third; time 1:14.

El Rio Rey has proved just the great phenomenon the POLICE GAZETTE predicted early last winter.

The fastest average time ever made at Buffalo was in 1880, when 37 heats were trotted and paced at an average of 2:18½. The pacers averaged about 2:14½ at that meeting, and the trotters 2:19½. In 1888 the club's average was 2:21 1/7. In 1897 a shade under 2:23½, and last year a fraction under 2:10½. The showing for 1898 eclipses all but that made in 1880, when both St. Julien and Mand S. were winners at Buffalo. On the four days 24 heats were trotted and 21 paced, the average time for the trotters being 2:19 3/8, for pacers 2:17½, and for the meeting 2:18 1/8-1/16.

Axtell, the phenomenal three-year-old son of William L., lowered his mark to 2:14 at Washington Park, Chicago, on August 23. It was in a race of mile heats for the Breeders' stakes. He had but one competitor, Earl McGregor. He won, as was expected, in straight heats. In the first heat he jogged under the wire in 2:16. In the second heat he was sent to beat his record.

Before Axtell went his fast mile Colonel John W. Conley approached Mr. Williams and asked him to put a price on the horse. Mr. Williams replied that he was not prepared to name a price.

"Will you take \$100,000 for him?" said Conley.

"If I were offered \$100,000 for him—a positive offer," replied Mr. Williams, "I would consider it."

"Think the matter over," were Conley's parting words, "and if you decide to take that amount let me know."

It is claimed that after Axtell Dr. Sparks, by Cy-clone, 2:23½, dam by Monroe Chief, 2:18½, holds the fastest two-year-old record, 2:21, over a half-mile track. It is claimed by some of the Kentuckians that Dr. Sparks is the best two-year-old ever bred in the blue grass country.

Why don't secretaries of trotting associations comply with the rules of both the American and National Associations and require the pedigree to accompany every entry? This is a rule that should be strictly enforced. Everybody can attend races everywhere, but every lover of turf sports can enjoy reading reports of races every where. If such reports gave the breeding and ownership, not merely of the winners but of every horse engaged in the race, but what satisfaction is there in reading summaries of races that barely give the names of the contestants and positions obtained?

One of the main objects of racing is supposed to be the education of breeders, to keep them posted as to what branch of the trotting and pacing horse families is proving most successful in actual contests. To the accomplishment of this end reports of races should at least give the sire and dam of every trotter and pacer engaged.

Unless the horses participating in a race have a national reputation, their pedigrees being generally known, a published summary that gives only the names might as well be printed in Greek, for to the majority of readers it does not convey a particle of information.

During the past three weeks of trotting the average time made has surpassed anything in past years. At Detroit the average time in 54 heats was 2:19 97/100; at Cleveland for 49 heats it was 2:18 6/100; at Buffalo it was 2:18 85/100. The average for the three weeks, covering 154 heats, is 2:18 79/100.

My predictions that this would be a great trotting year have been so far fully verified by the great performances of the horses. The remarkable performance of the three-year-old colt Axtell in 2:14½ at Cleveland, and the victory of the blind gray stallion Alcyon, 2:17½, by Alcione, dam by Hoagland's Privater, at Buffalo, was a surprise to many. Belle Hamlin beat Harry Wilkes quite easily in their match at Buffalo, and whatever the respective merits of the two horses, those present confess that the mare was in better condition and beat him fairly.

REFEREE.

Charles A. Oliver, the largest newsdealer in Lebanon, Pa., and agent of the POLICE GAZETTE, writes that the "Police Gazette" Supply and Purchasing Agency embraces the most perfect system in existence for forwarding almost every conceivable kind of article to any part of the world.

MAKING IT PLAIN.

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

A. S. G., Omaha.—No.
J. J. M., Maynard, Mass.—No.
F. W., Middletown, N. Y.—No.
M. S. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—No.
SUBSCRIBER, Scranton, Pa.—Yes.
CONSTANT READER.—1. Yes. 2. A wins.
E. H. F., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Thanks for matter forwarded.
F. H. L., New York City.—We do not intend to give a six-day race.

At J., New York City.—Jake Kilrain is not as old as John L. Sullivan.

F. H., Minneapolis, Minn.—We have not the party's record you mention.

S. H., —1. Yes. 2. Joe McAniff defeated Frank Glover at San Francisco.

M. J., Cleveland, O.—Phyllis trotted a mile in 2:33½ and it is the best stallion record.

M. S. W., Galveston, Tex.—We do not know of any fighting dog named St. Bernard.

A. E. M., Colchester, Conn.—1. About 26 years of age. 2. Write to the American News Co.

T. F. N., Portsmouth, Va.—1. No. 2. By going through a thorough course of training.

T. J. S., Harlem, N. Y.—According to the rule you were entitled to 15 if you claimed the count before B did.

K., —Send to this office for "The American Athlete" and follow the instructions in training contained in the book.

P. L. H., Colfax, Wash. Ty.—A letter addressed to the parties at this office will reach them. We have not their addresses.

C. H., Murfreesboro, Tenn.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought for \$10,000 a side and an outside bet of \$1,000 a side.

J. M., New York City.—1. Send 25 cents for "The Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey." 2. 5 feet 8 inches and 5 feet 7 inches.

A. READER, Meriden, Conn.—You had better draw your money, for, according to your explanation, no decision can be arrived at.

A. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Henry Searle never defeated Jake Gaudaur. You mean Wm. Beach, for it was the latter defeated Gaudaur on the Thames.

J. J. D., Brooklyn.—Recently at Sisson, Cal., W. P. Davis defeated Jack Savage, running 75 yards for \$300; time, 7½ seconds. About \$500 changed hands.

R. L. M., Newton, Kan.—1. John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought only once. 2. They boxed on two occasions at exhibitions, but it was not in competitions.

J. C., Baltimore, Md.—1. Patsy Cardiff and Mike Conley are to fight on September 9 at Hurley, Wis. 2. The stakes are a purse of \$500 and 75 per cent. of the gate money.

M. J., Boston.—1. The difference in speed in a mile between Guy, the trotter, and Mand S. according to their records is 82 feet. 2. Robert Bonner's estimate is correct.

J. W. D., Coahuila, Mex.—Send \$1 and we will mail you "The Champions of the Ring," etc., which contains the records, etc., of the pugilists you name, also their portraits.

S. J., Boston.—The fastest time on record for three-quarters of a mile is 1:12, made by Tenny, 3 years old, with 115 pounds up, at the Morris Park race track, New York, August 27, 1889.

M. D., Potomac.—The fastest time on record for running one mile and five furlongs is 2:48, made by Hindocraft, with 75 pounds up, at Morris Park track, New York, on August 27, 1889.

T. J., Toronto.—1. George R. Gray's alleged performance of putting a sixteen pound shot 47 feet 3 inches at Pullman, Ill., on Aug. 8, 1889, will not go on record. 2. The feat, if accomplished, cannot be vouched for.

S. J., New York City.—Henry G. Klink walked one mile heel and toe at Pensacola, Florida, on August 14, 1889, in 6 minutes and 30 seconds, but the record will not be accepted until duly authenticated. Perkins' mile in 6 minutes 23 seconds is so far the fastest.

M. J., Philadelphia.—1. Axtell is owned by Charles W. Williams. He also owns the three-year-old stallion Alcyon, record 2:18½. 2. Axtell is the fastest trotting stallion living, and his record is only three-quarters of a second slower than the best stallion record made at any age.

T. J. C., Hartford, Conn.—The following are the winners of the Champion Stakes:

1879. J. R. Evans	Spindrift (3)	2:41½
1880. Dwyer Bros	Luke Blackburn (3)	2:34
1881. Dwyer Bros	Hindoc (3)	2:39
1882. F. Gebhard	Bole (4)	2:43½
1883. G. L. Lorrillard	Monitor (4)	2:46½
1884. Dwyer Bros	Miss Woodford (4)	2:40½
1885. E. Corrigan	Freeland (4)	2:36
1886. E. J. Baldwin	Volante (2)	2:45
1887. Dwyer Bros	Hawover (3)	2:38
1888. J. B. Haggitt	Pierzi (3)	2:35
1889. E. J. Baldwin	Los Angeles (4)	2:34

M. J. S., Toledo, O.—1. No. 3. Wm. O'Connor is the champion oarsman of America, and he holds the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup. 3. The following are the winners in the National Association Regatta, at Pullman, Ill.: Atlanta crew won the four and eight-oared races. Dennis Donohue, Canada, won the senior singles; time, 10 minutes 48½ seconds. Junior singles—C. Connolly, Toronto, 11 minutes 42½ seconds. Junior pairs—St. Paul crew, 10 minutes 26½ seconds. Senior pairs—Garfield crew of Salt Lake, 10 minutes 55 seconds. Senior doubles—Metropolitan crew of New York, 10 minutes 4 seconds. Six oared barges—Iroquois crew, Chicago.

T. J., New York City.—George Le Blanche's victory over Jack Dempsey does not make the former the middle-weight champion of America, because the battle was not fought according to the rules governing the title, neither did the pugilists fight at the weight which governs the middle-weight championship, 154 pounds. The last battle for the middle-weight championship of America was between Johnny Reagan and Jack Dempsey. They fought for \$2,000, according to London prize ring rules, and the "Police Gazette" champion belt, and Dempsey was the winner. Before Le Blanche can become the middle-weight champion he will have to contend against Dempsey at 154 pounds or under, and according to London prize ring rules. Dempsey is still the middle-weight champion of America.

M. J. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Robert Marvel fasted sixty-seven days and died. Marvel's fast ended on Aug. 20, 1889, at Indianapolis, Ind. On June 9, 1889, he ate his last full meal. For 36 days after he began to fast he took absolutely nothing into his stomach. On the thirty-eighth he bit off a piece of pie, but did not eat it. On the thirty-ninth day he drank a small quantity of milk, and at irregular periods he has continued to do so. All told, he has drunk not to exceed one gallon of milk in the sixty-seven days. This was the longest fast on record. Marvel did not fast, like Dr. Tanner, with a set purpose, but after a stroke of paralysis he could not be made to eat, owing, it is supposed, to some effect of the paralysis on the brain or nerves of the stomach.

M. J. S., New York City.—Longstreet is a bay colt by Long-fellow, dam Semper Idem by Imp Glen Athol, second dam Semper Viva, by Waverly; third dam Semper Felix (dam of Leonatus), by Imp. Phaeton. He was bred by Mr. C. B. Hawkins, Woodford county, Ky., and sold when a yearling to Dwyer Bros., his present owners, for \$2,500. Last season he started three times, winning once, a purse of \$1,000 at Brooklyn, N. Y., in which he beat a field of 14. During 1889 he has started fifteen times, of which he has won five, been second four times, third once and unplaced three times. Estimating the Omnibus Stakes, which he won at Monmouth Park, to be worth \$20,000, he has won \$32,810 in stakes and purses, which makes him the second largest winning three-year-old thus far this season, Sator only leading him in this respect.

SEARLE-O'CONNOR.

What the Two Are Doing for Their Coming Big
Race on the Thames River.

There will be more money wagered on the Searle and O'Connor race than was ever risked on a single scull championship race before. In the Hanlan-Trickett international race nearly half a million was wagered. If the estimate of the money that was at stake there be placed at half a million dollars the probabilities are that it will be within the mark, and yet it is a huge sum to be dependent for ownership on the twenty-minutes' efforts of two men. Larger sums have often doubtless been wagered on a sporting contest, but it takes a lot of dollars to make half a million, and the money was forthcoming from many sources.

In the Trickett and Hanlan race it is safe to say few people ever stopped to consider on what a mere thread at one stage of the game their money rested. But for the pilot's (John Bright) shrewd observation and timely exclamation: "Come on, you —; the big un's beat, the big un's beat," the battle would



O'CONNOR BEING RUBBED DOWN.

have been lost, and the money would all have been in the soup. A somewhat similar repetition of Jack Bright's advice (opposite the Crab Tree), occurred when Beach wanted to give up the race with Gaudaur near Thornecroft's, and asked Tom Green (his pilot) to take him into the cutter. In response Green pushed Beach's outrigger away from the bow of the cutter, and pointing to the thoroughly beaten Gaudaur, remarked, "Look at him; he's worse than you are!" Thus Tom Green saved the championship of the world for Australia.

O'Connor, the champion oarsman, says: "Baths are weakening." Several millions of people might make such a statement, and no attention would be paid to it; but when William O'Connor, champion oarsman of the United States and Canada, so says, the average man who is athletically inclined will pause, and ask himself if he hasn't indulged in a trifle too much water on the outside. O'Connor has been depending upon his physical exertion for a living quite long enough to have discovered the course of training that suits him best.

O'Connor's manner of training shows no marked departure from old methods. His training for the world's championship race is done on the water. He may exercise his legs on land a bit, but the work of the day is done on the water. Twice a day he gets into his boat, and, as the doing of both men are chronicled daily, the public is left under the impression—and quite naturally—that Searle, even at this early day, is far closer to championship form than his younger opponent.

Is O'Connor taking matters too easily? Not at all. There is a wide contrast between the athlete of 1889 and the champion oarsman of not so many years ago. The champion today must possess a head as well as a magnificent physique. This is O'Connor's case. He is a man who thinks. He does not put him, self into the hands of a trainer who looks upon him as a fine animal, and who expects blind obedience to any order he may see fit to give. O'Connor knows exactly what he can do with a pair of sculls.

O'Connor intends to win the world's championship if careful training and the most determined effort on the day of the race can take it away from Searle. More perfect physical specimens are scarce. He has been at home in a boat for a long time—for a few years is an age to men who go in for athletics. Since 1882 he has been known to those who are on the look out for a winner. He had won all the honors open to an amateur before he entered the professional ranks in 1885. He quickly found that second-class professionals were not in his class. By his defeat of John Toemer at Washington he satisfied friends and the public that Hanlan's successor had come. Hanlan, in the estimation of the public, had two qualities that made him a man worth following. He won fast, and he won straight.

O'Connor is a model man. When he says to a stranger "I can do so-and-so," the stranger believes he has heard a statement



SEARLE IN TRAINING.

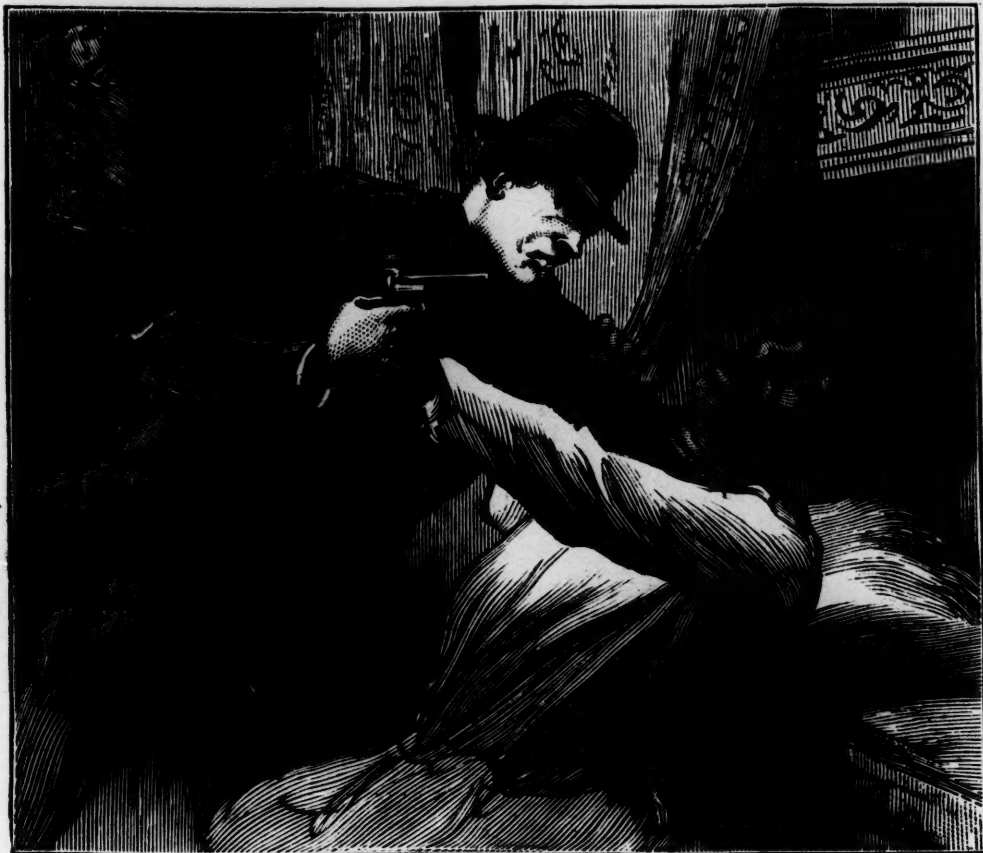
upon which he can lay his money. O'Connor believes he can beat the Hanlan who was considered unbeatable. He knows that he is pitted against a man who has beaten the man who defeated Hanlan. With his eyes open he advised his backer to make a race against Searle for £500 a side and the championship of the world. He had no notion of underrating his opponent. On the day of the race, barring accidents, he will be fit, and it will not be his fault if the nose of his boat is not in front at the finish.

The normal weight of O'Connor, when he takes life easily, is about 205 pounds. He is gradually getting rid of superfluous flesh, and on the day of the race he will strip at about 165 pounds. His preliminary work consists chiefly of work on land. He goes to bed at 10:30 and rises at 7. Walking a mile gives him an appetite for breakfast that would fill a sybarite with joy. Breakfast disposed of, he takes a short rest. Then he and his coach take a walk, at a pretty stiff pace, of ten miles or more. Another walk is taken after dinner. Then the oarsman takes a working spin on the river. A walk after the third meal of the day puts him into fine humor for a sleep too deep for dreams. His health is fine, and he looks strong enough to row a great race to-morrow, but he will be in much finer trim when the word is given. He considers it natural that Searle should be a favorite, and is quite experienced enough to feel that there is no disadvantage in being number two before the race is rowed.



LOVE IN A BALLOON.

AN EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, DAMSEL NAMED ALICE G. BURNHAM ADMIRES AN AERONAUT AND MARRIES HIM.



TRIED TO SHOOT HIS WAY HOME.

AN EJECTED PASSENGER ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD NEAR LANCASTER DOES THE HIGHWAYMAN ACT AND IS CAPTURED.



WHO OWNS THIS SKELETON?

ANYBODY WHO HAS MISSED HER FRAMEWORK CAN RECOVER IT BY APPLYING AT CALVERTON, L. I., WHERE IT WAS FOUND.



WHO DID THIS MURDER?

A STRANGE MAN PLACES AN INTOXICATED COMPANION IN FRONT OF A TRAIN NEAR ASHLAND, WIS., AND HE IS KILLED.



HE CRAWLED TO HIS DEATH.

JOHN J. GIERDING, OF TERRYVILLE, CONN., WHILE DYING, CREEPS DOWNSTAIRS TO MEET HIS OSTRACISED SWEETHEART AND DIES.



HELD UP BY A WOMAN.

MRS. BRYAN, OF MILWAUKEE, WIS., FOLLOWS A BURGLAR FROM HER ROOM, CAPTURES HIM, BUT HE ESCAPES FROM AN UN-NIMBLE NEIGHBOR.



A BRAVE ELIZABETH, N. J., CITIZEN.
CONRAD BOTH, WHO SAVED THE LIFE OF HIS COMRADE JAMES
M'ELROY, WHO WAS DROWNING AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.



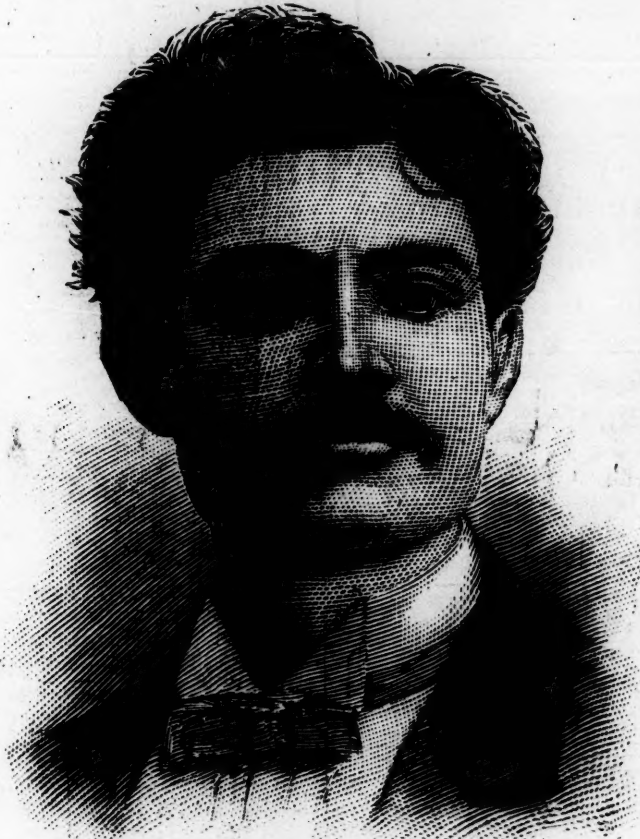
PEDESTRIAN PETER CANNON.
THE FAMOUS LONG DISTANCE RUNNER WHO HAS DOWNED MANY
AN EAGER THOUGH MISTAKEN OPPONENT.



CAPT. CARL A. QUENTELL,
THE HONORED COMMANDER OF THE SOUTHERN ATHLETIC
CLUB OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.



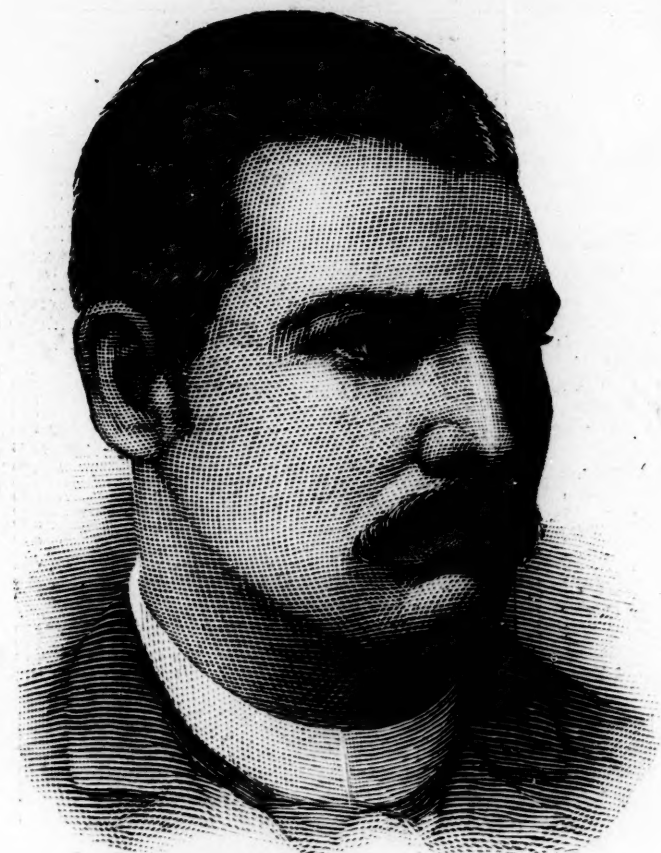
A CHAMPION JIGGIST.
MICHAEL TRACY, THE IRISH LILTIST AND DANCER, WHO HOLDS
SEVERAL MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE IN HIS LINE.



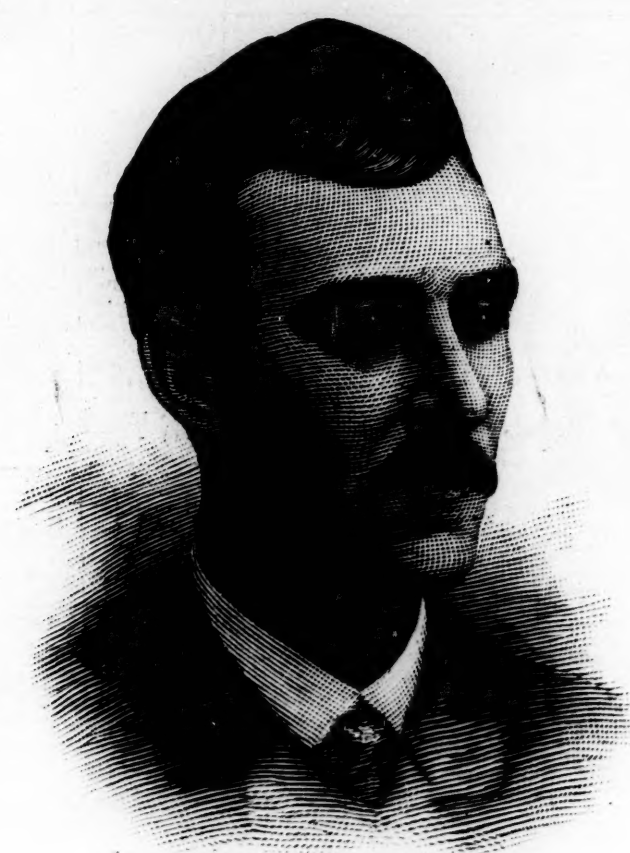
HE WANTS TO GO OVER THE FALLS.
PROF. J. M. LANDFIELD OF CHICAGO, WHO ANNOUNCES HIS IN-
TENTION OF SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.



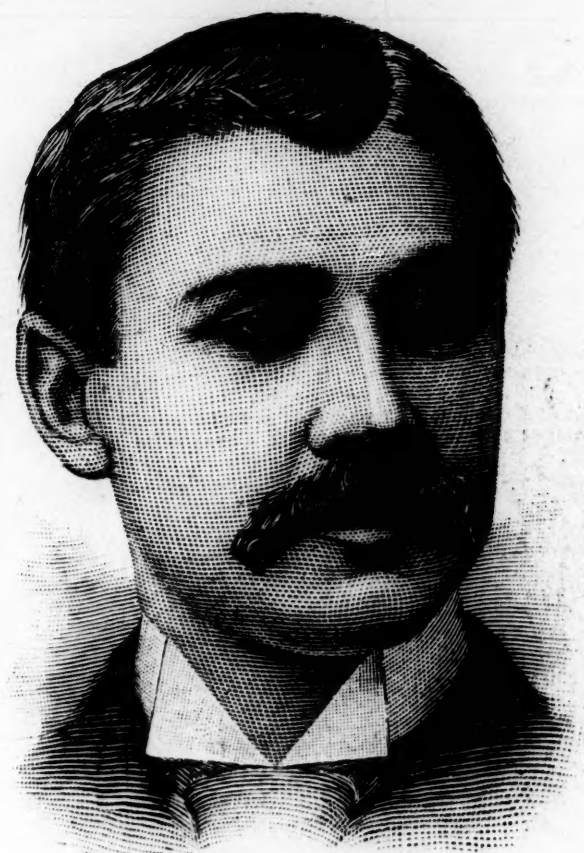
BUFFALO BILL'S BOY BRONCHO BREAKER
KID BAKER, OF DENVER, COL., WHO, BESIDES BEING A YOUNG
HORSEMAN, IS A CRACK RIFLE SHOT.



AN ALL-ROUND FAVORITE.
LOUIS J. FRANCHI, POPULAR BONIFACE, SPORT AND POLI-
TICIAN OF NEW YORK CITY.



A HUMAN SPIDER.
J. A. INMAN, OF DAKOTA, WHO IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE
WEST AS A CHAMPION LADDER CLIMBER.



A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER.
GEORGE H. MARTIN, WHO TRAINS THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIA
MIND TO WORK THE WICKET GAME.

A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a bowler hat and a bow tie. The image is a halftone print with a textured, dotted background.

ward Books of any description that may be needed at the bare cost. In this catalogue will please write to this office for terms, with a view to the purchase of the books. FOREIGN OR CANADIAN STAMPS RECEIVED.

MEDICAL

Night emissions, waste in the urine, perma-
nently cured. Use Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per
box. N. E. Med. Inst., 647



SMOKERS OF HIGH AND LOW DEGREE.

THE GREAT GRAFT THAT THE NICOTIAN WEED HAS ON ALL CLASSES, SEXES AND AGES OF THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.